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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Child Sustaining the Interest of a Three-Act Play with Skill that is Superior to its Associates—Mrs. Burnett's Play More Like a Poem than a Drama—The Precious Ideals to which it Gives Form—The Motive of Captain Swift—A Police Court Transcript of Life—Some of the Features in its Representation.

Lord Fauntleroy, produced on Monday night at the Broadway Theatre, presents the remarkable achievement of a child playing the hero of a three-act drama and holding the interest of the audience from beginning to ending with graciousness, skill and charm superior to any of the adults who are associated with her.

To say that this is owing entirely to the fascination that inheres in childishness is manifestly unjust, because the merit of Miss Elsie Leslie's performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy is distinct and unique as a portrayal.

She embodies not alone the childishness, but the tenderness, the unselfishness, the tact, the bravery, the guilelessness which the author has put into the character, and more than this, she portrays the little hero, made up of these qualities, with a spontaneity, a tactful art and a ready use of all mimetic means that excite the wonder and praise of critics.

That a mere child should thus realize for us the skill of mature intelligence is, indeed, wonderful. But so it is. Mrs. Burnett has poured into her story a double stream of affection. One can feel that she wrote the parts of Cedric and his mother *con amore*. There is the innocent, truthful, glorifying love of the child and there is the idolizing love of the mother. In a perfect representation they have both to be represented in order to perfect the ideal relationship.

With this understanding, you have only to see the performance at the Broadway Theatre to feel in an instant how far superior the little Elsie Leslie is to Miss Kidder as an actress.

Here is the affection of Lord Fauntleroy poured out not alone with the effusive warmth of childhood, but with the sustained dexterity of dramatic art. The chivalrous, protecting spirit of the boy is made superb. The quick ardor with which he flings his arms about his mother's neck is eloquent. There is no moment of time in the play when this little actress is not living and acting the part with sustained "business," so natural, so easy and so perfect in its adaptation to the author's conception that you wonder if it is art.

On the other hand Miss Kidder, a mature actress in comparison with Miss Leslie, utterly fails to invest the mother with a correspondingly affectionate spontaneity or ardor.

We are thus presented with a child doing by some divine right—certainly not by a matured intelligence—that which all our schools and our teachers are endeavoring to make adult men and women do with training and development—and that is, express the emotion naturally and cogently.

Mrs. Burnett's play is entitled to the commendation of all men and women who desire to see the stage give form to the most precious ideals, for she has put the most precious and sweetest elements of life into action, and made virtue, affection, chivalry, honor, tenderness operative and coercive factors, without the aid of vicious elements.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is more like a poem than a drama in this respect. It has no intense crises, no grouped situations, no horrors, no breathless suspense, no dastardly wrongs to right. It is mainly a placid stream of magical youthfulness melting all that is opposed to it by a benign warmth.

There are moments when action ceases entirely, and the attention has to be held by the dialogue. And in few plays that I have seen could it be so held. But here the character and the charm of Little Lord Fauntleroy are continually in evidence and have a sufficient fascination.

Fancy a whole scene given up to the conversation of a child with his grandparent! How many writers could have held an intelligent audience breathless with it? But the audience hang upon Little Fauntleroy without a murmur? It is because Little Fauntleroy's speech is itself most cunningly dramatic. If you think a moment what it is doing you will not wonder that it holds an audience.

In the first place it is slowly but surely overturning the prejudices and melting the obduracy of the old Earl before your eyes. Incorrigible tyranny and self-

ishness are here being born again under the Cupid influence of this youngster. One by one the little fellow takes away from him every weapon. Before the irascible old pirate knows it the lad has crept into his heart. You watch the transformation wrought by a few inimitable touches of dainty babyhood with the noble enthusiasm that you would give to an epic or a great sermon.

This is the kind of drama to which the heart of man in its best estate gives tribute. It borrows nothing from noise. It uses sunbeams instead of sledges. It puts up before us the possible, not the actual boy of life. It's like reading a page of Pascal or having an outing in June. All the operative forces of it are gentle and benign like sunshine and rain.

One finds it difficult to write critically of Miss Leslie. She is something of the same sort of phenomenon in drama that young Hoffmann is

Here I must take leave of the little woman. One is not likely to say too much in her praise. But if, as I heard remarked on Monday night, she is too small for the big theatre, Miss Fischer, who played the adventuress, Minna, appeared to have been specially built by the management for the house.

The part in which she appeared is not a gracious one. It is that of a vulgar, scheming and entirely unscrupulous woman. The moment she filled this measure of requirement to the brim, as she was bound to do, it was just like the newly imported reviewer of the *Herald* to rise up and say she was vulgar. Of course she would have been a very bad actress if she hadn't been vulgar. To be vulgar was what she was there for. It is just like the *Herald* to go three thousand miles for a critic who cannot distinguish between the part a woman plays and the ability of the woman to play it. The *Herald* used to do much better than

of the story is a disagreeable one. It is the fateful element unromantically handled.

An illegitimate son suffers for the mistake or the sin of a mother. There is no good philosophical reason why he should, and the social reason is badly shown. He goes, or is sent away to Australia, and comes back a man twenty-five years' old at the opening of the story, under an alias, and enters unwittingly his mother's household.

Everybody is suspicious of him except a niece of his mother's who loves him on the Desdemona principle—for the dangers he has passed. As his mother is now respectably married and with a family around her and as she suspects at once that he is her long-lost son, her trouble begins immediately.

We watch this fellow with considerable interest through one or two acts for the simple reason that we suspect he is going to turn out to be a good deal more of a hero than criminal.

Mrs. Booth has to go through with that old agony in this play. There are a great many "My Gods" and "Must I live to see this infamy perpetrated," and "My crime is laid at my own doors" and such like compunctions; but they no longer count with healthy-minded observers. The benevolent injunction upon all discreet lips is, "Oh, go hide yourself."

I tell you it takes considerable dramatic power to make sin tolerable on the boards nowadays. We've had so much of the patent thing.

I suppose Captain Swift can be called an example of what the police call "working up a case." But it cannot be called, in the language of dramatists, working up a romance.

One doesn't care to study the Nemesis of crime in a comedy. One doesn't care to bother with love and elegance when they are merely used to punish a man for robbing a bank. One doesn't feel much sympathy for the hero who, notwithstanding all his good qualities, is at the mercy continually of any policeman.

Crime of any degree is legitimate material for a dramatist. But it must not be made the one thing dominant in the story. It must not be introduced into poetry or drama to run its inevitable jog trot against society and be merely manacled in the last act. The ethical point of this particular kind of play is puerile. It is nothing more nor less than this: That certain men are foredoomed to misery and crime by their mothers.

Mr. Wilding, of this drama, is illegitimate. So is his logic. It is a pagan fallacy to transfer the responsibility of the child to the parents and then defy the lightning, and Mr. Wilding's appeal for sympathy utterly fails.

Such dramas of destiny involve the old tragic element of man's struggle with fate, and should be treated in blank verse and played by beetle-browed eminence.

The performance of Captain Swift was admirable. Mr. Maurice Barrymore certainly did all that can be done with so anomalous and unsatisfactory a character as Mr. Wilding and carried out the unwarrantable imprudence of the playwright in posing for two acts in dubious comedy respectability, raising illusive hopes that he would prove to be worthy esteem, only to relapse into a bank thief at last and try to blow his brains out.

As everything in this scheme depends upon the *sang froid* of a man who is assuming the gentleman without trying to be, cool impudence, easy-going bravado and an unemotional bravery are the elements to be portrayed. Mr. Barrymore exhibited them all, looked very handsome, and gave Captain Swift the full benefit of a thorough test of portrayal.

If there was nothing in it, it was not his fault.

There are several bits of excellent acting in the performance. Mr. Henry Woodruff's portrait of an impulsive, love-sick boy should not be overlooked. It was fresh, true and unmistakably fine. Mr. Stoddart, who has the small part of a malignant and sordid servant, manages to make it curiously vivid, and Mrs. Agnes Booth plays the mother.

With such a cast almost any play with a measure of merit would be honored. It is not difficult, therefore, to see that the performance was an excellent one, whatever may have been the shortcomings of the dramatist.

NYM CRINKLE.

Lyceum Successes in Boston.

Charles Frohman arrived in the city on Tuesday from Boston after an absence of several weeks. In speaking of the productions there on Monday night he said:

"In the first place *A Legal Wreck* was received with unanimous praise and is in for a big week's business. Julia Marlowe opened at the Hollis Street Theatre and received eight calls. Fanny Davenport is going to play to about \$11,000 during the week at the Boston Theatre, while Gillette's *She*, after playing to \$8,000 for a week at the Hollis Street Theatre, moved to the Howard Athenaeum in the same city. The announcement that *She* would be transferred to this theatre was not made until Sunday last although it was advertised during the week in an ingenious manner without the name of the play being made known. Bronson Howard's play, *Shenandoah*, is running at the Museum and is a decided success, the chief hits in the play being made by Viola Allen, Miriam O'Leary and H. M. Pitt. Miss O'Leary is especially good. Joseph Jefferson, who is playing at the Globe Theatre this week, will follow the example of *She* and move directly across the street to the Park Theatre next Monday night."



NELLY FARRER.

in music. To put upon paper the specific praises which her personality and her tact together elicited at the performance would appear to those who had not seen it as something absurd in eulogy. When you reflect that almost every attempt to make very young children actors has resulted in making them precocious and self-conscious and impudently vain, the wonder grows that this young lady has so marvellously retained the *naïveté*, the ingenuousness and artless demeanor that is so charming in a child.

When you reflect, moreover, that she must have been studiously coached and nowhere betrays it in hesitancy, in mechanism, in formalism of sentiment or stiffness of endeavor, you are amazed. As I have said already there is not an instant in the whole play that she leaves vacant. But every moment of time is filled with the apparently unconscious business that betokens the freedom and the restless grace of the child.

this when it got its critics at Castle Garden.

But what can you expect of an imported reviewer who, in expounding the German opera at the Metropolitan, advised Mr. Stanton to build a new foyer to his opera house, so that the dudes wouldn't have to leave their seats?

Miss Fischer is a vigorous, vital girl of unquestioned dramatic power, and she played the part of Minna up to its full capacity. The vulgarity is in its lines and its prescribed conduct, and Mrs. Burnett projected this bit of *outré* life as a sort of relief to the placid beauty of the play.

I fancy that in a strong, heroic part, or in a vigorous melodrama, Miss Fischer would distinguish herself.

The play of Captain Swift did not please me. I have to confess that it disappointed me and wearied me. In the first place the motive

But he doesn't. His career is uneventfully vulgar and commonplace. After making love, worrying his mother and giving much promise of doing something manly, the police capture him and the curtain falls.

Doubtless this is about the way romance ends in the police court. But it is hardly worth while to go to Mr. R. Haddon Chambers, Esquire, to get a police court transcript of life. The stage isn't built for these calendars—it is built for romance.

Audiences are not interested in the misfortunes of criminals unless there is a heroic struggle of some sort, and the mother who announces in the bosom of her family before the first act is over that during her early career she was chiefly distinguished by her lapse from virtue, is getting to be something of a bore.

Of course she always makes inevitable the misery of meeting "the fruits of her sin"—I believe that is the standard expression—and

At the Theatres.

BROADWAY THEATRE—LITTLE LORD FAUNTLE-ROY.

Earl of Dorincourt.....J. H. Gilmore
Cedric Errol (Lord Fauntleroy).....Elsie Leslie
Mr. Havisham.....F. P. Mackay
Mr. Errol.....George Parthunoy
Dick.....Frank E. Lamb
Higgins.....John S. Brown
Thomas.....Alfred Kean
Servant.....John Sutherland
Mrs. Errol.....Kathryn Kidder
Miss.....Alice Fischer
Mary.....Effe Geymon
Jane.....Carrie Vinton

An episodic character study, a stage idyl—fragrant as Spring flowers, delicate as old Venetian point lace, dainty as a frost-work fantasy, pure as snowflakes, sweet as the silvery laughter of a little child.

That is Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy, produced on Monday night at the Broadway Theatre.

It can scarcely be called a play, for it has no plot worth speaking of and there is nothing dramatic in it from beginning to end. But the piece imbues the gentle charm, the irresistible simplicity and the touching innocence of the book from which it was taken, and it wooed and won the sympathies of the large and critical audience of first-nighters as readily and completely as Little Cedric conquered the frowning citadel of the loveless old Earl's heart and laid him a helpless captive in the garlanded chains of love.

No piece has ever been put upon the boards with a child as the central figure that approaches Little Lord Fauntleroy in the directness and the entirety of its appeal to the universal human interest in the young. Great poets have turned from the turmoil of war and the fumes of passion to put the rhythm of the cradle into song—age, despair, grief, and even evil, finds joy, hope and purification in the trusting eye, the pattering feet, the not yet faded celestial trace, and the infinite promise of golden-haired, cherubic childhood. The bud-like sweetness is often the font of wisdom, the mouthpiece of the fates—not the wisdom bought in hard lumps of acquired knowledge from experience and its grim partner adversity, but that unerring, wide-eyed, unrestrained, accurate sagacity which has its birth in the womb of the unknown, and whose mystery no such words as "natural instinct" or "heredity" can explain away.

Such a child dominates Mrs. Burnett's piece, and while we watch its radiant influence burst into being and expand until a dark mass of adult selfishness, cruelty and iniquity is illumined and sanctified in its gentle light, we find ourselves yielding to an invisible power which lifts us to the serene and sacred height where things are seen through a soft rainbow, wrought by tears and smiles.

Surely such a delicate, sensitive plant as Little Lord Fauntleroy has its place in the great theatrical conservatory. Its leafage may not be so imposing and luxuriant as that of its tropical neighbors; the fragrance of its bud may be less penetrating than the heavy perfume of their bloom. But its pause before it, entranced and delighted, who are wearied with the rank growths and gaudy colors of the showier dramatic flora.

There is no need to rehearse the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is almost as well known as "The Children of the Abbey" or "Robinson Crusoe" the land over. As we have intimated, the piece is more fascinating in details than impressive as a whole. Mrs. Burnett has made it into three acts. The first is laid in New York at Mrs. Errol's house, where young Cedric is characteristically introduced with his intimate friends, Bridget, the grocer, and the bootblack. The widowed mother's struggle and consent to take the young heir of the Dorincourt title to England and place him in his grandfather's care are accomplished. The second act takes place at Dorincourt castle, where the little lord lays siege to the old Earl's affections, gives him some ingenious lessons in benevolence and finally meets with the brassy adventures who plots to put her son in Cedric's shoes. The last act is devoted to the upsetting of this scheme, the arrival of Cedric's humble friends from America and Mrs. Errol's reception into the castle to be a part of its household.

This slender thread is enlivened by many diverting episodes, and it is strung with many beads of sentiment and a simple, but delicious form of humor. The dialogue is charming for the most part. The amusing scenes between Cedric and his homely companions in the first act and his quiet conversations with the gouty Earl in the second are curiously interesting as well as refreshingly clever. Act Two, as it stands, is too long, but how it can be condensed within more reasonable limits without sacrificing something excellent is a problem that we confess our inability to solve. The dialogue is all good, if not all essential.

Lord Fauntleroy is an entirely new figure on the stage. It is a remarkable departure in itself to make a child of seven the prominent and pivotal character of a play, but the description of child is even more remarkable. Mrs. Burnett has not traveled along conventional lines in dramatizing her famous story; she has simply studied the means whereby the aim and atmosphere of the book might be transferred to the theatre, and in this success has crowned her efforts. For this reason the son of Dorincourt, with all his quaint and lovable characteristics, is faithfully pictured. It is not a commonplace child, but it is by no means, as some critics have said, an impossible one. We have all known children in whose natures are elements the origin of

which cannot be traced. Cedric is a child with the refinement of a woman, the heart of a philanthropist, the head of a sage, and the manners of a prince. He is born a gentleman; in him self-respect, frankness, old-world courtliness and a keen sympathy for those around him are strangely mingled and developed.

On Monday night Cedric was played by Elsie Leslie, an exceptionally gifted little girl, who sustained the long and difficult role with wonderful aptitude for its requirements. Intelligence of a rare order was conspicuous in her performance. In unaffected bearing, courtly manner, refined utterance, earnestness of mien and clearness of perception, she was Little Lord Fauntleroy to the life. The drollery of the scene where he reveals to Mr. Hobbs the change in his condition and the winsomeness of the scenes with the Earl quite enchanted the house. Indeed, Little Elsie's achievement fell little short of a triumph, and she was called out a number of times during the evening.

On Tuesday evening Tommy Russell was brought out as Little Lord Fauntleroy, and it is the intention of the Broadway managers to have him alternate with Elsie Leslie in personating the character throughout the engagement, as the role is too exacting for one child to perform nightly. While the little Leslie girl is sweetness itself in the part, we think that the lad Russell comes nearer the ideal that Mrs. Burnett had in mind in her charming story. He is exceedingly happy in reproducing the innate qualities of gentle birth slightly tinged by the promiscuous surroundings of Cedric's boyhood passed in America. Tommy looks the little Lord to life, while the lovable traits are enacted with a pathetic naturalness that is most astonishing. There is not the slightest indication of parrot training so common in child actors. The only scene where the stage manager's coaching was transparent is the scene where Cedric has to tell Mr. Hobbs that he is one of those very Earls the grocer holds in such thorough contempt. In the matter of intelligent interpretation of the lines there is little choice, both children being exceptionally effective and delightfully unconscious in the precocious expressions and opinions of the diminutive Lord. Tommy has the advantage because he's a real live boy, and is better able to convey the genuine enthusiasm for his street acquaintances and the passionate love for his mother. The artistic merit of Elsie's personation, however, deserves the highest praise, and when it comes to grace and sweetness, she takes no odds from half-a-dozen boy actors.

Mr. Gilmore was perhaps somewhat more explosive than necessary as the Earl, but the performance revealed in him a talent for character work which we had not been led to expect. Mr. Mackay looked the family solicitor to the life and spoke in the deprecating accents which tradition has attributed to that type of legal functionary. Mr. Parkhurst was amusing in the overdrawn character of Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, and Messrs. Swinburne, Lamb and Klein were acceptable in minor parts.

Kathryn Kidder made her reappearance on the local stage, after an absence of some months, as Mrs. Errol. She was fragile, refined and sympathetic, but her reading was occasionally staid and artificial. Her best opportunities are in the first act where she expressed the widowed mother's passionate love most touchingly. Miss Fischer had an unconventional role in the adventures, Minna, but she developed its coarse, brazen, vulgar qualities conscientiously and to the satisfaction of the house.

The piece was mounted with handsome scenery and appropriate furnishings. The library in Dorincourt castle was especially well done.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—CAPTAIN SWIFT.

Mr. Wilding.....Marcel Barrymore
Mr. Seabrook.....Frederic Robinson
Harry Seabrook.....Henry Woodruff
Mr. Gardiner.....E. M. Holland
Marshall.....J. H. Stoddard
Ryan.....Walden Ramsey
Mrs. Seabrook.....Agnes Booth
Stella Darbisher.....Miss Burroughs
Mabel Seabrook.....Annie Russell
Lady Staunton.....Mrs. E. J. Phillips

With a superb cast, mounted in the complete and admirable manner for which Mr. Palmer's stage is noted and in the presence of a fashionable and discriminating first-night assemblage R. Haddon Chambers' drama Captain Swift was produced on Tuesday night at the Madison Square Theatre.

The principal members of the trained and talented company achieved individual successes; the performance was smooth and polished throughout; the audience followed the play with rapt interest; enthusiastic applause sent the curtain up several times at the close of each act. These indications were sufficiently numerous and marked to justify the assertion that Captain Swift hit the public fancy and to warrant the prediction that its fortunes will probably be as prosperous as Jim the Penman's.

It must be confessed that the new piece, like Sir Charles Young's extraordinarily popular drama, is composed of a tissue of human improbabilities which centre about an interesting criminal. But works of this description have their use on the stage, just as the tales of Emile Gaboriau and Anna Katherine Green are assigned a place in the field of contemporary fiction. And like Jim the Penman, Captain Swift would be little better than the ordinary detective drama in the hands of a less accomplished cast or in a theatre whose

resources were unequal to the demand laid upon them for the refining process which converts a crude melodrama into a drawing-room drama.

As seen on Tuesday night, Captain Swift is considerably changed from what it was at the London Haymarket. The lurid colors have been somewhat softened and the sinister element artistically toned down. The *dénouement* is completely altered. Instead of the curtain falling on the cowardly suicide of the adventurer who gives the piece its title, it descends on an act of heroic sacrifice, which does much to exalt his crimes and misdeeds and bring upon the character the weight of a just, yet pathetic, catastrophe. Mr. Boucicault, we understand, effected these alterations.

The plot follows the adventures of Captain Swift, an escaped bushranger from Australia, who becomes acquainted with a respectable English family named Seabrook and lays siege to the heart of Stella Darbisher, a niece of Mrs. Seabrook. Through a series of circumstances, ingeniously arranged, it is developed that Swift, who has assumed the alias of Wilding, is the natural son of Mrs. Seabrook and who ran away to Australia in his boyhood. The agonized mother conveys this fact to Swift who has already become engaged to Stella. A Queensland detective arrives on the scene in quest of Swift for a bank robbery. The Seabrooks' butler, Marshall, actuated by motives of greed and revenge, exposes the presence of the robber to the detective. The Seabrooks endeavor to help the gentlemanly scoundrel to escape, but losing Stella he also loses heart and gives himself up to justice, the mother's youthful guilt remaining a secret between the two. A light underplot follows the main theme—the love of Gardiner, a Queensland squatter for pretty Mabel Seabrook.

The story is unquestionably one of absorbing interest, and up to the *dénouement*—which is a trifle disappointing—the suspense is genuine and continuous. The dialogue is direct and pointed, if not particularly bright or clever. The characters are diversified, well drawn and skillfully handled. The situations are effective. Captain Swift is artificial, but it takes a strong hold on the imagination. Like most pieces worked out with theatrical material and devised to please by effectiveness rather than an appeal to the emotions, its fate lies with the actors representing it. In this respect its success was perfectly safe, for seldom is a stronger distribution of character seen.

Mr. Barrymore gave an admirable impersonation of Swift, his *song froid* and gracefully reckless air fitting the part capitally. In the last act his own sympathies were worked upon to such an extent that he wept copiously during the writing of a letter on the eve of contemplated suicide. Agnes Booth gave a splendid performance of the mother, bringing into play all those masterly artistic resources of which she possesses an abundance. The interview with the illegitimate son in the second act was fraught with the poignant suffering of a lacerated heart, and at this and other strong points in the performance, Mrs. Booth was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Robinson was excellent as Seabrook; Henry Woodruff was sincere and earnest in the part of an impetuous youth; Mr. Stoddard gave a dramatic portrayal of Marshall and Mr. Ramsay was good as the detective.

Miss Burroughs played Stella with considerable feeling. Miss Russell was artless and dainty as Mabel. Mrs. Phillips was adequately worldly as Lady Staunton.

The piece was provided with four beautiful sets from the brush of Richard Marston. The exterior at "Fernshaw" and the conservatory were especially fine specimens of this admirable artist's work.

WINDSOR THEATRE—THE FUGITIVE.

Hester Malton.....Lila Leigh
Ruth Raleigh.....Charlotte Wayland
Jennie Kidger.....May Nugent
Master Corley Corderoy.....Miss E. Long
John Levitt.....W. A. Whitecar
Crackles.....William Cullington
Arthur Stollery.....Harry Dalton
Jasper Raleigh.....James F. Hagan
Mr. Malton.....John Dalley
Silas Carrington.....Harry Stevens

The Fugitive, a strong comedy-melodrama by Tom Craven, was produced for the first time in the metropolis before a large and appreciative audience at the Windsor on last Monday night. The scene of action is laid in England, and a pretty and strongly dramatic love story is evolved.

John Levitt, a penniless clerk, falls in love with Hester Malton, the daughter of his employer, a rich mill-owner. His love is returned, but through the scheming of the villain, a new-made rich man, who holds a sword over the millowner's head in the time-honored shape of a note forged for a tidy sum, the haughty father, to save himself from prison, consents to give his daughter in marriage to the villain, who makes her his reluctant wife. Prior to his marriage the villain betrayed the daughter of an old serving-man of the millowner's, who has sworn to kill the man who accomplished his daughter's ruin. The old man keeps his oath and the earthly career of the villain is ended.

The circumstances of the villain's taking off point to John Levitt as the murderer, as the two men met and quarreled on the evening of the murder. Levitt himself believed that he had killed his opponent, but he had merely stunned him and, on regaining consciousness, the latter found himself face to face with the old man, whose only aim in life was to avenge his daughter. The tragic part of this play, although thrillingly effective, is incoher-

ent and improbable. The villain is almost done to death in a quarrel with the hero, and lies where he fell only to regain consciousness when the avenging father appears and kills a wounded and defenceless man. This spectacle robe retribution of its justice. Then the old man falls to surrender himself on the spot, as a man impelled to murder by the sacred motive that actuated him would do, but instead drowns his conscience in drink for a period of eighteen months, when he returns, almost a wreck, and dies as he completes his confession, which exonerates John Levitt, who had returned from Australia and was placed under arrest while surreptitiously visiting his old sweetheart's home as a fugitive murderer. The play, aside from certain structural faults, is strong, wholesome in moral tone, and absorbingly interesting from first to last.

W. A. Whitecar as John Levitt, the hero who supposed he was a fugitive murderer, made a very favorable impression upon the audience, and he received applause throughout the play. His enunciation is very distinct and correct, and his work was meritorious throughout. Lila Leigh as Hester Malton, the heroine, scored a success. Harry Dalton as Stollery, the villain, did capable work. James F. Hagan as Jasper Raleigh, the avenging father, gave a strong characterization of the part, and his English dialect was effective. John Dalley as Mr. Malton was gentlemanly and efficient. Charlotte Wayland was acceptable as Ruth Raleigh, and May Nugent was pleasing as Jennie Kidger. William Cullington and Miss E. Long admirably sustained the comedy element of the play.

The scenery by Phil Goutcher and John H. Young is a very attractive feature, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The artists deserve special mention for the correctness in whole and detail of their English landscapes. The storm at sea and the shipwreck at the close of the third act was graphically realistic, and the scene had to be repeated several times. Next week The Twelve Temptations.

Mrs. McKee Rankin, in The Golden Giant Mine, drew a large house to the Third Avenue on Monday night. Her performance of Bet, the child of nature, has lost none of its delightful qualities. It is simply charming. Henry C. Lewis was excellent as Jack Mason and W. T. Melville as Bixby fairly took the house by storm. The rest of the support was fair. One of the hits of the evening was made by the bright-eyed baby, but a few months old, that appeared in the last act. Mrs. Rankin was the recipient of several handsome floral tributes. Over the Garden Wall is announced for next week.

There was a fair-sized audience at the People's on Monday night to see James O'Neill in Monte Cristo. This play has been before the public many years and is familiar to every theatre-goer. Yet for all it continues not only to draw large audiences but to hold them in rapt attention during the recital of the interesting story. Mr. O'Neill earned hearty applause, as usual. The cast included J. W. Shannon, Carroll Fleming, J. H. Shewell, Lawrence Manning, Arthur LeClerc, Grace Raven, Kate Fletcher and May Durfee, and gave satisfaction. The scenery was effective. Next week, Frank Mayo.

The Still Alarm was received very enthusiastically at the Grand Opera House on Monday, the house being crowded to its utmost limit.

The performance was excellent, every member of the cast showing to the best advantage the result of long practice. Harry Lacy was called before the curtain several times. Frank Norcross acted well as John Bird and Thomas Ford was clever and amusing as Doc Wilbur. E. A. Eberle, as Franklin Fordham, was natural and forcible.

Among the ladies of the cast Sydney Armstrong distinguished herself by an admirable and strong performance of Elmore Fordham, while the clever little soubrette, Edith Murrilla, as Cad Wilbur, was remarkably vivacious. The fire engine realism raised a storm of applause. Next week, The Wife.

Dockstader's presents the usual excellent bill this week, the chief features of which are a new burlesque, O tell O, and a sketch called, Littlewood the Walker. Mr. McWade and W. H. Reiger have new songs.

C. W. Couldock in his famous impersonation of Dunstan in Hazel Kirke opened at the Thalia on Monday night to a packed house whose enjoyment was plainly expressed by lavish applause. He is surrounded by a capable company, and the piece is well mounted.

The 50th performance of the Yeomen of the Guard occurred on Monday night. The Casino was crowded, and the unique souvenir, a beef-eater in brass with a match safe attachment, was voted to be the best thing yet given out in commemoration of a successful run.—Louise Balfe is playing the part in The Woman Hater made vacant by the illness and death of Alice Hastings. Mr. Reed's engagement at the Fourteenth Street closes on Saturday night. Next week, Herrmann will open there.—Sweet Lavender is crowding the Lyceum. It is a charming performance.—Monte Cristo, Jr., is doing fairly at the Standard. But the receipts are scarcely parallel to the merits of the show.—The Two Sisters is going on quite prosperously at Niblo's.—A Brass Monkey continues to fill the Bijou. Apparently the number of

people that are prone to pointless laughter is inexhaustible.—Mary Anderson's business at Palmer's is very large. On Saturday night The Lady of Lyons will be given again, with Mr. Barnes as Claude.—Messrs. Booth and Barrett will abandon their Venetian nights at the Fifth Avenue next Monday, when Julius Caesar will be done.—The Crystal Slipper is attracting large houses at the Star. So, also, is The Old Homestead at the Academy.—Tony Pastor's presents a capital bill this week.—On Monday The Lorgaire goes on at Harrigan's.

The Musical Mirror.

It was, if not quite so brilliant as on the opening night, a very large and fashionable audience which gathered at the Metropolitan on Friday for the first representation of this season of Lohengrin. Great interest naturally attaches to the new corps of artists provided for this Winter's performance of German opera, and we propose to consider them with care, minuteness and deliberation, using due reserve and allowance for early and hasty judgment, and continually referring to the subject as occasion shall demand.

The performance of Friday evening cannot be called either brilliant or successful. The favorite young tenor, Herr Alvary, has for the delineation of the title-role a great advantage in his earnestness and conscientiousness, his pleasing presence and his fine fresh, vigorous young voice. He has not the smoothness and perfection of method and phrasing needed for a part which, new school though it be, has not yet cut loose from all the exigencies and traditions of the older and accepted school of singing. His swan song was not given with all the fluent ease and calm cantabile style it demands, and throughout the evening he seemed ill at ease, both in action and singing, in the glittering mail of the legendary hero of the Grail. His intonation, too, always a little liable to waver, was at times painfully faulty.

Frl. Katli Bettaque, who made her debut as Elsa, has a pleasing personality and a soprano voice which is fairly flexible but lacking in color, force and resonance. Her attack is rather uncertain, her sustenance wavering and infected with the usual unpleasant *vibrato*, and her phrasing often crude and faulty. She acts and sings with earnestness and some feeling, but is on the whole far from an ideal Elsa.

Fr. Reil was still less satisfactory as Ortrud. A heavy and not very dramatic person, an equally heavy and unmanageable voice and a coarse and crude style in no regard tended to relieve the general disagreeable quality of this most unpleasant, not to say repulsive, role.

Herr Alois Grienauer was as diabolic as heart could desire in the character of the vengeful Telramund. He was far from musical; a harsh voice and spasmodic, declamatory method left little but his vigorous, melodramatic acting to recommend his impersonation. The famous scene on the church steps can be so sung as to make it picturesque and musically impressive. It is within our memory that the scene has sometimes so been given in New York. As interpreted by Fr. Reil and Herr Grienauer, it is almost unmitigatedly repulsive; a trial to flesh and spirit for anyone not steeped and case-hardened in the doctrinaire prejudices of the ultra-Wagnerian school.

The chorus was never very smooth, and, at certain points was distinctly ragged and noisy. The noble welcoming chorus on the arrival of Lohengrin, the chant of triumph after his victory, and the splendid march on entering the church lost much of that rich and majestic tone which, when well interpreted, gives them right to rank among the finest ensemble effects of the modern operatic stage.

Herr Beck made an acceptable herald, and Herr Fischer's fine bass and strong, solid, correct singing were a delightful relief in his part of the bluff King Henry I.

The second of Anton Seidl's subscription concerts took place on Saturday evening at Steinway's, with a bill which offered in every number an artistic *primus* or first-fruit, at least as concerns the New York public. Three new orchestral works, and two new singers, not before heard here in concert, made up a well-chosen and, in some regards, most charming programme. Even our cold limitation might have been spared if the vocal element had been on a level with the instrumental.

Vincent d'Indy's Wallenstein Trilogy is a clever and striking piece of work, with plenty of vigorous, spirited and picturesque theme, though not treated with all the cunning orchestration and warm instrumental color we have learned to expect from the best modern masters. There is a fine martial stir and bustle of camp-life in the first movement, Wallenstein's Lager, and a tender melancholy in the second, the love episode of Max and Tekla. The third—the death of Wallenstein—has some fine passages, but is a bit inconsequent and long-drawn, and to many tastes will doubtless seem the least interesting of the three.

Victor Herbert, the stalwart and handsome young son of Anak, known to our public for some years past as a first-rate artist and virtuoso on the 'cello, made his bow as an orchestra leader, conducting the performance of his own serenade for string orchestra. He may be warmly congratulated on his success. The work is pleasing in a very high degree—not strongly original, perhaps, if we remember certain reminiscences whiffs here and there, but dainty, graceful and charmingly orchestrated. Of the five movements the first scene

was perhaps, though pretty, the least forceful the polonaise and the canzonetta were especially melodious, bright and taking, with their clever use of staccato and pizzicato effects from the violins and their airy grace of theme. The overture to *Cornelius' opera, The Barber of Bagdad*, clever and pleasing, made a symmetrical close to the programme.

The vocalism was, as above hinted, less acceptable. Herr Joseph Beck, a very satisfactory mediaeval herald, has not the voice, the style, or the sentiment for the Wolfram air from Tannhauser, and still less for the songs from Schumann which he essayed. His voice is worn and harsh, and his manner heavy if not hard.

Similar comment applies to Fri. Hedwig Reil, who, whatever may be her merits in Wagnerian music on the stage, is distinctly out of place in classic or sentimental song on the concert platform. Her voice is cold and coarse in quality, her intonation doubtful, and her style painfully heavy, harsh and ungraceful. That she has a big, powerful contralto is evident, but as heard on Saturday, bearers of delicate ear were tempted to wish it less.

Mr. Stanton's new artists succeed each other so rapidly that it is hard to keep pace with them, at least with anything but cursory comment. The representation of William Tell on Monday night brought back one or two old friends, while it introduced two or three new ones. The *rentrée* of Herr Robinson, in the title role, was especially welcome. He is one of the best of the standard favorites who have won applause at the Metropolitan, during what a clever critic calls the Teutonic invasion of the last two or three Winters. He is one of those artists whose merits seem to be his own, while his faults are those of his teaching, his inheritance or his environment. What he has, in fine measure, are a stalwart and manly person, a strong, sonorous, baritone voice, an earnest purpose and a genuine dramatic temperament. What he has not are a sensitive ear, a radically good school of singing and a perfected skill in vocal phrasing. It almost logically follows that Herr Robinson is a very uneven, and to that extent, a disappointing singer, giving a bar, a phrase, or a passage excellently, even brilliantly, at one moment, and doing comparatively bad work in the next. After singing one measure in perfect tune and with good tonality and shading, he will drop below the key and relapse into the rough and toneless sort of cough or bark which mistaken theorists consider as of the essence of dramatic expression. He has not learned that purely dramatic expression and musical delivery, properly so called, are in their nature radically different, and that the undue prominence of the one is pretty sure to impair, if it does not destroy, the other.

It may be inferred, therefore, that his impersonation of the Swiss hero was manly, earnest, and impressive in a high degree, and in a musical point of view very acceptable, while it yet showed marked and provoking deficiencies.

Alma Fohstroem is already known to the New York public by her appearance here with the Mapleson company some years ago. She has not gained by absence. She sang the small part of Mathilde with fair method and a voice which, once clear and penetrating, is now a trifle hollow and worn. It is still flexible and fairly true, however, and she sings with an ease which ranks her as presumably the bravura singer of the company. Julius Perotti was a rather disappointing Arnold. Much expectation has been roused by the anticipative praise of his "ringing voice," as a morning journal calls it. This ringing voice turns out, on trial, to be a very high, keen, thin and throaty tenor, which by a faulty use of the larynx and chest muscles he squawks out, in stressed passages, with such straining effort as to inspire grave anxiety for his personal safety. In plainer English Mr. Perotti, when he grows earnest, squalls; and squalling is fatal to musical effect. The fine duet with Mathilde in the second act was much injured by this defect, but in the succeeding trio with Tell and Melchtal he sang with such earnestness and spirit as greatly to redeem himself.

Felice Koschko, another of the high sopranos of the company, essayed the part of Gemmy, and succeeded in looking and acting more like Tell's married daughter than his youthful son. She has apparently a good voice and method, but it will be more fitting to reserve minute comment for some occasion when she can set both in clearer relief. Alvary, as the Fisherman, sang his ballad music charmingly, and Fischer, Beck and Griener gave efficient assistance in their respective roles of Furst, Melchtal and Leuthold.

The ballet was pretty, simple and graceful, and the chorus sang with a smoothness and correctness which went far to wipe out the memory of last week's sins. The scenery, too, was not only rich and handsome but, in general, appropriate. In one cardinal point good taste will demur. The fabled Rill, the little green meadow nestling under the shoulder of the Bristenstock and its giant brethren, is not only a brilliant point in history but familiar to the eyes of every traveled person in the audience. To those who remember the stern majesty of the land locked Alpine lake it could not but look odd to see the noble old Vierwaldstaettersee transformed into the likeness of a Devonshire headland or a Norway fjord.

Mr. Rosenthal's concert at Steinway's on

Tuesday—a farewell, as we understand it, for this season—was in every regard an artistic triumph. The programme was comparatively brief, but delightfully well chosen and admirably fitted to set in the clearest light the player's wonderful art.

There can be few, if any, of the Beethoven sonatas more beautiful than the No. 3 in E flat major. It was rendered just as it should be, without sentimentality or affectation, in the clear, crisp, masculine, wholesome way the master himself would have desired, and with Rosenthal's usual perfection of technique.

The group of Liszt compositions were equally gratifying, save perhaps a tinge of coldness in the "Consolations," which is a specifically sentimental morceau; the Rhapsodie Hongroise was arranged by Rosenthal himself, and it needs no assurance that the technical difficulties were not diminished in the arrangement. It was a splendid display of fiery impetuosity in conception and execution.

The central point of the evening's work, however, was No. 3 on the programme, Brahms' Variations on a theme of Paganini, opus 53. The work is known to pianists as a sort of musical Kronstadt of almost invincible difficulties, and was selected by Mr. Rosenthal doubtless not only for its intrinsic beauties but for one last brilliant illustration of his absolute command of all the resources of his instrument. It wanders through much the usual series of varied modulation and arrangement, in cantabile, runs, and pearly cadenzas, including one delicious waltz movement and one dainty mazurka, and closes with two rapid movements in chords and octaves, massed and crowded in headlong velocity and thunderous force and resonance, which would tax the strength of any but a musical Titan. Rosenthal seems unconscious of any such difficulty but sits and pours out his volumes of harmonic tones, with flashing hands which leave but a dazzle before the gazer's bewildered sight, and all as calmly as if he were playing a berceuse or a Mendelssohn song without words.

The audience, it is needless to say, went frantic with delight. Men stamped, pounded and cheered; even the women screamed their enthusiasm, and after thrice appearing, to bow before the wild whirlwind of bravos, the artist was fain to respond to a fourth call by repeating the waltz movement and one of the variations in octaves.

Master Kreisler played his Beethoven Romance in F well, and the Wieniawski Mazurka, with its crisp, dainty pizzicato effects, even better. He was less happy in the Wieniawski Fantasia from Faust, which calls for a strength, grasp and brilliancy in *fortissimo* not yet in his possession. His defect of ear, too, was occasionally unpleasantly manifest. Master Kreisler is a most promising young disciple of art; we earnestly pray for him that modesty which shall encourage growth and that patient devotion and study which alone can develop the master.

The Giddy Gusher.



The relations between lawyer and client, between doctor and patient, have undergone great changes of late years.

The minister and his parishioner scrub along after the old fashion. The parson takes his donations regularly; the females continue to work the theological slipper, and he in return gives 'em a weekly opportunity to study the bonnet of contemporaneous human interest.

But the traditional old legal adviser doesn't exist as he did of old.

Money bags is represented one year by Judge Mandamus, while his most important cases the next, will be conducted by little Certiorari.

The same way with doctors. I met Miss Nervie Simptom this week—she's taking Dr. Morphy's medicine for depression, and the week after she speaks glowingly of being under Dr. Parvule's treatment for incipient exaltation.

I say to Mrs. Maternity: "Your family physician is Dr. Pharmacy, I believe?"

And she says: "Oh, no! Pharmacy made such a botch of the twins that I called in young Pulsetaker the last time. We got through very well, but there's a new man here from Boston very popular in such cases. I have him engaged for next month."

And so they go from one to the other.

The only doctor I know who at all resembles the doctor of yore is Dr. T. S. Robertson.

Every day brings a new patient, but the old ones still stick, and he sustains to those patients the same relations I remember as existing, during my childhood, between "the doctor" and the families, whose affairs, temporal as well as physical, seemed to be in his keeping.

Nothing happened at my house, from trouble

with the hired man up to a defective chimney, that the doctor's advice wasn't asked. I never got into awful difficulty but they sent for the doctor to read the riot act to me.

There was an epoch in my life when I concluded to keep a horse for my own private use. My ideas at seven were not very well formed as to the rights of man, but it looked entirely wrong that Deacon Cornstalk should have five good horses in a detached grass patch and I have none.

To lure one of those nags with a lump of salt into a halter was short work, and in the hush of the early evening I piloted my annexed Bucephalus to my own house. There was a little shed-like building in the premises where, during the Summer, the family washing was always done. It was late in the Fall when I dragged my beast into it, sat down on a tub and contemplated it.

I recognized the necessity of altering its appearance in order to pass the Cornstalk mansion in safety.

I kalsomined my horse a pale blue (the establishment had been lately fitted out with a pale blue kitchen ceiling), I docked off a flowing tail till it was a bob defying detection. I pulled two bushels of grass for fodder and went to bed. Either the lime in the kalsomine, or the stomachache in the grass, raised hob in the grocery of my horse—and the next morning the row in the wash house "blew the gaff."

The whole neighborhood was excited, and my folks in a state of consternation not to be described.

"Send for the doctor!" was the first cry of the distressed. I fully expected the doctor was sent for on account of the horse, but I found it was for me. In the absence of my father I got thrashed by the doctor, so I got a pretty clear notion of the duties of the family physician in those days.

I don't know that Dr. Robertson includes the home ruler in his kit of tools, but I do know that in all kinds of trouble the families in his charge fly for advice, comfort and assistance to their doctor, just as they would in the good old days when I kept the town lively.

Especially devoted is he to his theatrical patients.

Ellie Wilton wouldn't take an engagement without consulting Dr. Robertson. Mrs. Frank Sanger wants to buy his little Royal Highness a dog—he has to go talk over the relative merits of pugs and poodles with the doctor. Mr. Dockstader thinks of painting his doors sky blue, just as I did my horse, and he takes a run down to Twentieth Street to have a word with the doctor in regard to it.

You meet Mrs. Agnes Booth Schoeffel flying down Broadway. A beasty dressmaker is not going to get a costume ready in time for a first night. She's angry, disappointed and perplexed. She's going down to tell Dr. Robertson about it.

Whether he shall remain in America or go star in the provinces in England bothers Osmond Tearle to decide. He calls on the doctor and takes his advice.

To dear Lizzie Weathersby he was physician, friend and brother. To Tony Hart he was a refuge in every troubled hour. To Kate Rankin and her charming family he is the guide, philosopher and friend, consultant on real estate as well as pills. His advice takes as well as his medicine.

Mary Fiske goes to him to prescribe the title of a new play. That's about all the ailment that fragile creature seems to have.

To hundreds in the literary profession he is the same tireless, sympathetic friend he is to the dramatic world and in his general practice.

A chivalric, pugnacious disposition has the doctor, and in the service of his patients, who are all his personal friends, it's delightful to hear him eat up an evil-minded or jealous adversary.

To Robert Ingersoll and his family Dr. Robertson is devoted heart and body. It is one of the loveliest things in life to hear the doctor take fire when any puny litling lifts his voice in argument.

"I'd like to meet Mr. Ingersoll in debate," said one of the weakest of the weaklings.

"Go up to Forty-second Street and shoot your peas, and get out your putty-blower and do your worst (which is your best) on the wall of the reservoir. Your efforts at argument with Ingersoll would resemble that other enterprise reported by Sidney Smith—the gentleman who scratched the dome of St. Paul's to tickle the dean and chapter," replied Dr. Robertson.

Oh, yes! There's no manner of doubt that attribute of loyal affection, of sympathetic interest, that used to animate the family physician, is defunct in the bosom of most medicated men, but it's wonderfully developed in the breast of Thomas Robertson.

However, if some qualities have gone out of date, others have come in. This is the era of precocious children, especially on the stage.

The infant phenomenon that Jean Davenport Lander used to be would fall flat among the juvenile prodigies of to day. The acting of the Bateman children, even the sweet, childish creation of Eva by that old time marvel, Cordelia Howard, would be very tame compared with Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell, Bijou

Fernandez, and that wonderful boy, Wallie Eddinger.

The Lord Fauntleroy of the little Leslie girl is one of the most remarkable performances ever seen upon the stage.

To begin with, as a feat of memorizing, it is a stupendous undertaking. The part is as long as Hamlet. To fill a stage hour after hour with a distinct, uninterrupted personality is a wonderful thing for a child to accomplish.

No wonder Mrs. Burnett clung to that girl's hand as she bowed her acknowledgments from the Broadway stage on Monday night.

Mrs. Burnett's play would be impossible without some such prodigy as Elsie Leslie. It was a charming performance all round, but a performance that couldn't have taken place fifteen or twenty years ago because we didn't have the Little Lord Fauntleroy—the stage exponents I mean.

In the living, breathing article I had once an ideal boy from whom the character of the little born Lord might have been drawn.

He was the son of George C. and Caroline Howard, the famous Topsy.

A man who writes for some of the papers said the morning after Frank Sanger produced the play so splendidly, that the Fauntleroy were not found in the flesh. He should have seen John Howard—my sweet little nobleman who died these many years ago, but who lived and led the life of a born prince for twelve years in this workaday world.

He could have sat for the portrait of Fauntleroy, that golden-crowned, exquisite child, his big sad eyes, his pallid skin, his aristocratic bearing.

His mother went to Europe to inform the British public about Uncle Tom's Cabin, and John was left to my companionship. Every courtly manner, every kindly attention came to that child as naturally as the odor to a flower.

Untaught, that boy when seven years old, sprang up in a car to give his place to a lady or an old man. In a room, my darling John carried himself like a grown gentleman; his little hand had a door open for a lady's leave-taking. He was the one to place a chair and ask one to be seated. His little heart filled with sympathetic feeling for any object of charity. His little store of money was always offered for anyone asking aid. His great, generous soul, the soul of a created gentleman, shone on his beautiful face and animated every action at the age of seven years.

Mrs. G. C. Howard has been called to mourn for many splendid children—for a faithful, loving husband—but I shall always think the loss of her life—was that of John, my little Lord Fauntleroy.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 22 1888

The Hawtrey family broke out in a fresh place on Saturday night—at the Strand Theatre to wit—on the whole with none too satisfactory results. C. H. Hawtrey (the present lessee of the Comedy) has taken the Strand for a term, in order to produce the burlesque *Atalanta*, which has been written by his brother, George P. Hawtrey, and in which another brother, W. F. Hawtrey, has been cast for a principal part. *Atalanta* proved to be a racing rather than a racy burlesque.

The story of the fleet-footed daughter of King Schœnus is burlesqued with artless simplicity, the author's method being to take his *Leopriere* as it stands and mix it up with the modern argot of the race course down to the most minute details. For a couple of acts the proceedings were received with mild approval from the "swagger" division who sat in front; but the third act, which was supposed to be the management's strong suit, was received by the pit and gallery with howls of execration. Nor was this much to be wondered at. What had gone before, if not of the very highest order of humor, had been at least attractive to the eye and ear. When, however, it came to the representation of a race track, with its belongings of blatant bookmakers, lumberers, welshers, card-sellers, and the scum of the course generally in dresses wherein the attempt to mix classical and modern costume had been so successfully carried out that no one but their designers could say what the deuce they were intended for, the audience thought it time to draw the line, and they drew it accordingly. The attempted counterfeit presentations of sporting "celebrities" were considerably more counterfeited than presentment, and needed labeling to ensure recognition. Hence what had been depended on to make *Atalanta* go with a bang, as they say on the other side of the footlights, fizzled out like a damp squib. Marie Linden, as *Atalanta*, exhibited her usual humor and pace, and gained much applause for her imitations of your and our Mary. Frank Wyatt danced through the part of Hippomenes with much vigor. Alma Stanley played Aphrodite, and what is more, looked the part. Tom Squire was diverting as Lysinachus, and W. F. Hawtrey played the King with some humor. I am told that the third act is to be overhauled and some of it thrown over altogether, after which there may be some chance for *Atalanta*'s run. The burlesque was on Saturday night preceded by a new one-act play entitled *A Highland Legacy*, written by Brandon Thomas, who played the principal part with much humor. A young Scotch gentleman of three out-

that is to say, out of health, out of pocket, and out of temper, finds his troubles suddenly increased by a legacy which takes the form of an old Highland piper, who is bequeathed to him (with insufficient endowment) by his disagreeable old uncle. Of course the piper turns out to be the uncle himself, and equally, of course, he makes everything come right at the finish. Grahame Wentworth and Percy Lyall loyally supported the author's endeavors, and the result was in every way successful.

Another novelty, which has seen the light since my last letter, is Miss Moreland's one act farcical comedy entitled *The Matrimonial Agency*, which was produced at the Victoria Hall, Bayswater, the other night. Had I been asked I should have said that for purposes of farce matrimonial agencies were played out; but Miss Moreland has found some original fun in one and has brought it to the front. She introduces us to Diana Popincourt, a maiden lady, who being very anxious to be married, seeks a husband through advertisement and attracts the attention of Ponsonby Fruckleton, who is concealed by Diana. At that time she is suddenly visited by her niece and her niece's friend, who partly in jest and partly in earnest have also been tampering with the matrimonial noose, with the result that three woosers are brought to Aunt's domicile. Out of the complications that follow is extricated some genuine comicality. Miss Moreland played the niece herself and was well supported.

Rutland Barrington having advertised in the "Daily papers" that he withdrew The Dean's Daughter from the St. James' "because it failed to attract," F. C. Phillips and Sydney Grundy, joint authors of the same, have rushed into print contradicting Barrington's statement. P. and G. remark that as they have commenced proceedings in respect of the matter, "the real reasons for the withdrawal of The Dean's Daughter will before long be fully discussed before the public." There is a pretty obvious innuendo here into which I need not at present go further. I would, however, point out that among the myriad reasons which managers give for withdrawing a play big success is never—well, hardly ever, alleged.

Last Saturday night the public and the press were invited to the new Shaftesbury Theatre, to witness the revival of Lord Lytton's play *The Lady of Lyons*, but after waiting from a little after eight until quite past nine, both the p's were dismissed without seeing any performance. This was all on account of the new patent fireproof curtain refusing to be raised. All sorts of efforts and struggles were made by the scene-men, etc., but the curtain remained obdurate and wouldn't budge an inch. The occurrence was so strange that many lingered chatting about the house long after they had received back their money or their "orders" as the case might be. And there were some who held that this accident could not have happened if the management, instead of arranging to commence with the resistance-piece had first put up a "curtain-raiser."

However, by Monday night, all was well again, the curtain yielded, and *The Lady of Lyons* was revived in place of *As You Like It*, which hasn't paid its "taxes." Mrs. Wallis (the lessee's wife) is the Pauline, and she gets through nicely, having for Claude that most excellent actor, Forbes-Robertson. Of the rest of the cast some are good and some are otherwise. Altogether I don't see much chance of this once serviceable old stock place drawing in any shillings.

Last night Manager Monsieur Mayer revived at the Royalty that bright and merry comedy de salon, *Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie*, as written by the ingenious Pailleron. This was once tried in English on the matinee-dog at the Gaiety about two years ago, and was called *Culture*. It was never played again. The bright particular star at the Royalty is little Jane May, whose Suzanne de Villiers brims over with artistic vivacity. William Terriss and Charles Cartwright (hero and villain of the Adelphi), and Charles Overton who is not altogether unknown to you, tell me that they have bought the "entire English and colonial rights" of the successful French drama. Roger la Honte. Emily Soldene tells me that she has done the same and that she means to fight T. C. and O. for them.

Last Friday night the Lyric Clubbers up in Coventry Street had a "swagger" soiree, to which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales had accepted an invitation. The members were charged half a guinea apiece for the privilege of seeing H. R. H. swallow a few solids and liquids, but H. R. H. sent out the last moment to say he couldn't come, owing to a "pressing engagement." The "pressing engagement" was the Avenue, where His Royal Nibs wended in order to see Arthur Roberts and Vanoni in *Nadja*. On Saturday night Gladstone went to see Mamma at the Court. The state of parties, however, remains unchanged up to the time of mailing.

Willie Edouin has, I am sorry to inform you, just lost his only son (a bright little lad) from diphtheria—Uncle Samuel French has just returned to these shores. He looks fit and well, and is full of denunciation of all who have distorted here the views he imparted to a *Mirror* man. Conquest, Pettit and Moritt have just given Uncle the agency of all their plays—James Mortimer's comedy, *The Alderman*, and his new one act play, *A White Lie*, are due at the Jodrell on Saturday night. It may interest Mortimer's fellow citizens (especially if they are chessists) to know that M. has compiled a "Chess Player's Pocket Book," which is considered by those "in the know" (including the compiler) to be absolutely the most useful treatise ever published. I am assured that it contains no chess nuts.—W. S. Gilbert's new comedy, *Bransham Hall*, is due at the St. James' next Tuesday evening, and A. C. Calmou's new eighteenth century comedy, *The Widow Winsome*, is booked for trial at the Criterion on Tuesday afternoon.—Sophie Eyre and Grace Hawthorne are to do a series of matinees of *The Love that Kills* (L'Arlesienne) at the Princess' next week. Grace is not happy just now. I fear anyhow, there are rumors of dissensions in the camp.

GAWAIN.

All the scenery and properties of The Knights of Tyburn used in the production of the play at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, were shipped from Antwerp on Saturday last. The English version of the play will be presented at Niblo's on the 30th inst.

dramatic scenes, full of love, hate, jealousy, intrigue and deceit. Mr. Stevens and Stella Keese ably sustain the leading parts. Some one or two scenes, while by no means brilliant, are really good. The production of the play, having a Russian location, may help out the suggestion, but Mr. Stevens has every reason to be proud of his production. Next week, Misses' Hamper Dumpty co. in *Madge Tallman*. The National Exposition in progress here is very successful.

ILLINOIS.

CAIRO.
Opera House (Sol A. Silver, manager): *Edie Elizer* and co. in *Judge Not to a good house Nov. 27. The play is an exceedingly pretty one, and from the applause that Miss Elizer received she must have completely won her audience.*

LINCOLN.

Gilbert's Opera House (C. Maxwell, manager): *The Scarlet IX*, Nov. 27 to light business. The play was poorly presented. Gibney and Glibler Comedy co. 2d. week.

STREATOR.

Plumb Opera House (J. E. Williams, manager): *Gilbert's Red Rover*, Nov. 26. The play is a most pleasing and enjoyable entertainment. Receipts, \$740. Stowaway 6th; Joseph Murphy 5th; Murray and Murphy 13th.

BLOOMINGTON.

Durfee Theatre (J. E. Williams, manager): *Mattie Vickers* to good business Nov. 26. Thomas W. Keene in *Richard III* to a large and appreciative audience 26th. Geo. Wilson's Minstrels to two large houses 26th. *Fig-Zag* to fair business 26th. Nellie McHenry 6th; Joseph Murphy 5th; Murray and Murphy 13th.

DANVILLE.

Grand Opera House (William Stewart, manager): *Tutu in Struck Gas* Nov. 27 to light business. The co. gave a very fair entertainment. There is a hard luck day. George Wilson, Danville's favorite minstrel, set to a crowded house. George is as pleasing as ever.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterbox Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): *The MacCollie*, Nov. 27 to light business. The play is a most pleasing and enjoyable entertainment. Receipts, \$740. Stowaway 6th; Joseph Murphy 5th; Murray and Murphy 13th.

SHELBYVILLE.

Opera House (Philip Parker, manager): *Elliot's European* co. played to fair business Nov. 27. Little Nugget Dec. 4; Merriman Sisters 5th.

ELGIN.

De Bole Opera House (Theo. Swan and F. E. Allen, managers): *Daniel Boone* co. Nov. 24th to a light house. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club drew the most notable audience of the season. Every seat was sold in advance. Manassa Adler, who makes his first appearance with them this season, is a resident of this city, and naturally much interest was taken in his debut. He is a very fine violinist, and played a beautiful basket of flowers from his former schoolmates. Miss Ryan was also presented with a bouquet. The Quintette was banqueted at the residence of Mr. Adler after the performance. The *Scarlet Nine* 5th gave two performances.

PANA.

Opera House (Race and Roley, managers): *Oswald U. T. C.* played to empty benches Nov. 26. *Elliot's European* co. played to first-class business 26th. They also gave a matinee Thanksgiving afternoon. Excellent entertainment.

Item: Mosser and McCowan's Minstrels, an organization consisting of ten men of Pana, played to a large house at Cowden on Thanksgiving evening.

JOLIET.

Opera House (R. L. Allen, manager): *The Nashville Students* (Colored Jubilee Singers) Nov. 26 to fair business. The main feature was a calypso song by a colored male quartette, which elicited considerable applause. Maggie Mitchell 3th in Ray to very large business, but many were disappointed, as Miss Mitchell appears to be losing her voice to quite an extent. Her support was excellent. Jekyll and Hyde 8th; Monroe and Rice in My Aunt Bridget 13th.

GALESBURG.

New Opera House (Bailly and Winans, managers): *The Redpath Concert* co., comprising Emma Juch, Thelma Carver, and others, played to a large house. Geyer and Harding's Minstrels 4th; Ober's Jekyll and Hyde 6th.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.
Grand Opera House (Dickson and Talbot, managers): *Veronica Jarboe* to a large house Nov. 26. *Herrmann 3-5*, and *Chimes of Normandy* by home talent 6-8.

English's Opera House (Dickson and Talbot, managers): *Veronica Jarboe* to a large house Nov. 26. *Herrmann 3-5*, and *Chimes of Normandy* by home talent 6-8.

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Edwin Tanner's Jekyll and Hyde played to a small house Nov. 27. Gilmore's Band to a good house Nov. 27. Old Opera House (L. M. Oida, manager): *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 27.

CRESTON.
Creston Opera House (J. H. Pait, manager): *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 27. *U. T. C.* played to good business Nov. 27. *Royle and Lanning's Musical Comedy* co. 3d. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 4th.

DES MOINES.
Foster's Opera House (Willie Foster, manager): *Laura Joyce* in *Muggs' Landing* Nov. 26-27 and George Ober in *Jekyll and Hyde* 29-30 to satisfactory business. Sutton's U. T. C. 1st.

Grand Opera House (W. W. Moore, manager): *Charles E. Verner* in *Shamus O'Brien* to good business 26th. *Kate Bensberg* Opera co. 6th.

Capital City (W. C. Ross, manager): *Templeton Opera* co. Nov. 26th, week, to light business. *Old Folks' concert* by local amateurs, 11th; Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 18-20.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.
Doherty Opera House (John Doherty, proprietor): *Hayday's Minstrels* to fair business Nov. 24th. A large and fashionable audience. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 25th. Miss Vokes was twice called before the curtain by a very enthusiastic audience.

MARSHALLTOWN.
The Odessa (A. G. Glick, manager): *Charles E. Verner* in *Shamus O'Brien* to fair business Nov. 24th. *Muggs' Landing*, directed by Laura Joyce, to light business 26th.

BOONE.
Higgin's Opera House (C. E. Phipps, manager): *Higgin's Comedy* co. booked for Nov. 26th, failed to appear, and consequently the house was closed. *Clair Pate* co. week, 3d. *Kusko and Swift's U. T. C.* 1st.

Item: William Cramline, of the Opera House orchestra, was robbed of a gold watch and chain, 2nd. He identified his assailants, who are held for trial. His watch was afterward sent to him through the post-office.

KANSAS.
TOPEKA.
Grand Opera House (E. H. Macey, manager): *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 26. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 27. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 28. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 29. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 30. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 31.

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The Pines to a small house 1st. The co. and play deserves first-class patronage. Keep it Dark 5th. Bubbling Over 7th.

The Opera House (P. W. Howe, manager): *The Stetson Opera* co. 26th was greeted with a very large and enthusiastic audience. H. Haverly's U. T. C. 27th. The Spy of Atlanta and Drummer Boy 11-13.

Item: The receipts for the Stetson Opera co. was a trifling total of \$400.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.
Kimwood Opera House (G. E. Sanderson, manager): *Harry Crandall's Miss Fitz* co. played to rather light business Nov. 27-28. Last season this piece received its first performance here, and it was a very crude and poor one. Since then Mr. Crandall has revised and altered it to suit his line of business, and it is now a very fair piece of its kind. Redmond-Barry co. always favorites here, and one of the largest houses of the season 26th. The Redmond-Barry act drop was seen here for the first time, and it was highly praised. C. Lawrence Barry and Co., the inventors, have applied for a patent. Frank Mayo in *Nordack* 4th.

SPRINGFIELD.
Gilmore's Opera House (J. H. Pait, manager): *James A. Herne* presented *Drifting Apart* (no date). The play, although it possesses the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, is below the standard of Mr. Herne's other plays. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 26. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 27. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 28. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 29. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 30. *Veronica Jarboe* to a small house Nov. 31.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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*The New York Mirror has the Largest
Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Christmas Mirror.

The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be for sale next Saturday morning. We have endeavored to make it the handsomest and most interesting issue in the whole series of our holiday editions, and we believe that our effort has succeeded. But of that we will leave its readers to judge.

The newsdealer's orders for this number are unprecedentedly large, and we have prepared an immense edition, which, we hope, will supply the extraordinary demand. Thousands of copies have also been ordered by individual subscribers through the mails.

Purchasers of the Christmas Number should see that they receive from dealers the exquisite colored supplement that accompanies each copy. Although on a separate sheet it is a part of the paper, and there is no extra charge for it.

A Parallel Case.

Since the report made by the referee in the American Dramatic Fund matter was made public Judge Adams, of the Supreme Court, at Rochester, has handed down a decision of the utmost importance to the members who are opposing the application of this organization for a dissolution.

The decision in question was made in the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution of the Sportsmen's Association. It sustains ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer's view of the law, and he will advance it when the question comes before the court on application for a final order.

The Sportsmen's Association was a social club and possessed certain real and personal property. The association originally consisted of forty-five members, but having dwindled down to fifteen, receiving no new members, and the regular income being insufficient for the purposes of the association, proceedings were instituted for a dissolution of the body and a division of the fund among its remaining members. The matter was referred to a referee, and, after his report was made, the matter came before Judge Adams for final order.

The Judge held that the act under which the proceedings were instituted did not apply to societies or clubs at all, but only to "corporations organized for the purposes of trade, business and profit"—those having stockholders, etc.

Besides, he holds that even if the act did apply to the association in question, the grounds advanced were not sufficient to justify the court in ordering a dissolution and dividing the fund. He thinks that the remaining members acquired rights which could not be estimated in dollars and cents; that the surviving members enjoyed peculiar privileges, and it was to be assumed that they continued their membership by reason of the attractive feature of the organization, which permits the fund to go to the last survivor. In other words, if there are no other beneficiaries the last survivor gets the fund, and during the life of the corporation, also certain annuities, in certain cases, of which the minority cannot be deprived by the vote or act of the majority.

This case is almost parallel to that of the American Dramatic Fund, and it is highly probable that the court will take precisely the same view of the matter.

In that event, unless the members conclude to bestow their accumulations upon the Actors' Fund for benevolent uses, as the latter's act of incorporation distinctly

permits, there will ensue a race for longevity, a tidy fortune awaiting the Methusalem that succeeds in putting all his co-members under ground.

The papers that announced the favorable result of the application merely on the strength of the referee's report were slightly premature. The chances decidedly are that the court will finally decide in accordance with the sound view of the law which Judge Adams took in the parallel case we have cited.

Servants' Hall Journalism.

The Boston Post—a thoroughly sound paper all round—almost invariably takes the right side in discussing dramatic matters. Referring to what Matthew Arnold called "journalism for the servants' hall," it truly says that nothing more absurd has lately appeared than the *World's* article on "Fitful Aches of the Stage." Our esteemed contemporary continues:

This is nothing more nor less than an impudent catalogue of the ailments or diseases which various actors and actresses suffer, as unsuitable for publication as any of the details of private life would naturally be. It is an insult even to the intelligence of people who read the *World* to suppose that they care to know that "John Drew's bronchial tubes are unreliable," or that "Henry Irving lives on pectic pills because he is afraid he will die of dyspepsia." To find "a great metropolitan journal" publishing such stuff as this is a sad commentary upon the popular tendencies of journalism.

We heartily agree with the *Post*. The persistent impertinence of a certain section of the daily press in chronicling small beer of the professional brew seriously threatens the dignity and repute of the stage in the public mind. The flippancy and contemptuous familiarity assumed toward actors by many journals of presumed respectability and influence must disgust all those that are jealous of the theatre's purity and power, while it must be equally obnoxious to the better class of newspaper readers.

In the mad rush for material wherewith to prepare some fantastic theatrical dish 'or the coarse palate of the mob, often such papers as the *World* not only transcend decency but unconsciously verge upon the broadest burlesque. For instance, a female reporter of the journal in question seeking actresses' addresses the other day, applied for information at THE MIRROR office. When questioned respecting the purpose in view, she stated that the *World's* city editor had assigned her to the duty of interviewing a number of leading actresses to secure their opinions as to the statesmen President-elect Harrison ought to select for his cabinet.

There is some consolation in the reflection that at the present pace the day is probably not far distant when "journalism for servants' halls" will exhaust the resources of the vapid and imbecile order of theatrical gossip. There are few subjects so trivial or so remote that have not already engaged the services of the reportorial nose and note-book.

Two Admirable Plays.

There are two charming plays appealing to the refined instincts of metropolitan playgoers at the present time—plays that are dewy with pure sentiment and fragrant with the sweet perfume of love and innocence.

We have become so sated with dramas in which passion and crime prevail that we owe Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Pinero a debt of gratitude for Little Lord Fauntleroy and Sweet Lavender, the pieces to which we refer.

The grim and terrible, the vile and vicious, the intense and harrowing, must naturally be the chief ingredients of our drama so long as the struggle of good and evil focuses the chief energies of humanity. But it is pleasant now and then to leave the dark mid-stream current, with its furious whirlpools and restless momentum, and glide into the pleasant shore eddies where the banks are fringed with flowers and the depths are crystalline.

Mrs. Burnett has revealed to us a new dramatic phase. She has taken her remarkable child of fiction and transferred it and its lovable characteristics to the stage. No one can be blind to its sweet and enduring charm.

Mr. Pinero has given us a play in which love is embodied in the simplest, yet most sympathetic manner. Sweet Lavender is a plea for the truest, tenderest and best instincts of man.

Unpretentious as both the pieces we have named undoubtedly are, we believe that the benign influence they exert must, aside from their artistic qualities, prove beneficial to all that witness them.

Personal.

MINER.—Harry Miner sailed for this country on Saturday by the *Saale*.

DOOTH.—J. B. Booth resigned from Richard Mansfield's company in London and sailed for New York on Saturday last.

DAUVEY.—All the beautiful household belongings of Helen Dauvey were auctioned off to a lot of second-hand dealers at Origles' rooms the other day.

MONTAGUE.—Louise Montague sailed for Europe yesterday on the *Aller*.

HENLEY.—E. J. Henley left this city last night for San Francisco to support Modjeska.

REMINGTON.—Earle Remington is in town and disengaged. She left the *Later On* company a few days ago.

DORR.—Dorothy Dorr has resigned from A Possible Case and will leave the company at Lynn on Saturday night.

SHERIDAN.—Emma V. Sheridan has joined Tom Keene's company for a week's rehearsal before appearing in the leading parts of his repertoire.

GRANGER.—It is probable that Maude Granger will be engaged to play the leading role in *The Knights of Tyburn*, in place of Kate Forsythe.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson's graceful, lissome abandonment in the pastoral dance in *The Winter's Tale* has quite taken the town by storm. Last week the receipts at Palmer's were phenomenal.

DOWNING.—Robert Downing and Eugenia Blair were married at the West Hotel, at Minneapolis, on the 28th inst. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. B. Welles, of St. Mark's Church, of that city.

BENDER.—Blanche Bender and her sister Marie—both pretty and talented young girls—are to enter the profession. The former is a prominent member of the Gilbert. They are protégés of Annie Ward Tiffany.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault has been back at his work in the Madison Square for a week past. Speaking of his recent illness, about which alarming reports were unfoundedly circulated, he laughs and says: "It was only a trifle."

WINGATE.—This month Belford, Clarke and Company will bring out in book form Charles E. L. Wingate's story, "Can Such Things Be?" which recently appeared in *Belford's Magazine*. Mr. Wingate is the dramatic critic of the Boston Journal.

FARRON.—Thomas J. Farron is no longer connected with *The Soap Bubble*. He has sold his rights in that play and has purchased Joseph Murphy's comedy, *Help*, in which he will open on Dec. 17 in Philadelphia, under the management of Chauncey G. Pulsifer.

REED.—Mrs. Roland Reed, known professionally as Alice Hastings, died on Saturday last in this city of paralysis of the heart. Miss Hastings had played the previous Monday, but fainted at the close of the performance and had to be carried to her room. Miss Hastings was born in Dublin, Ireland, thirty-two years ago, but came to this country when very young. The funeral services were held on Tuesday in St. Ann's Church on East Twelfth Street. The requiem mass was finished in time to take the body to the Desbrosses Street Ferry for the eleven o'clock train for Philadelphia, the interment taking place in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery in that city.

The Question of Taking "Calls."

"Should an Actor Take a Call During the Progress of a Play?" is the caption of an article to which the London *Whitehall Review* devotes nearly a page of its space in a recent number. The discussion of this weighty matter owes its origin to the rebuke which THE MIRROR not long ago was called upon to administer to several English papers that had united in condemning Emma Sheridan for coming forth after her most effective scene on the first night of *A Parisian Romance* at the Lyceum, and bowing her acknowledgments to the enthusiastic house.

It will be remembered that we explained and claimed ample justification for Miss Sheridan's act in the fact that she simply followed an American custom which there was no especial reason to abandon because she happened to be playing in the British capital. And we also pointed out, for the benefit of our discriminating transatlantic contemporaries, that the habits and customs of visiting English players were indulged by our press and public—in spite of their frequent offense to good taste and good art—as things "inbred, ingrained and not to be helped."

These reasons the *Whitehall Review*, as in patriotic duty bound, characterizes as "very remarkable." It expostulates as follows:

Surely this is a remarkable admission for a critical journal to make—that it tolerates all these points of bad acting, says nothing about them in its reviews, and yet pretends to write seriously on the subject of dramatic art! It is a culpable negligence of this sort on the part of critics that maintains the large amount of careless and bad acting which we see on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic.

Remarkable or not, we reiterate the admission which causes our contemporary so much astonishment. We would as soon think of censuring a negro for the color of his skin as of blaming an English actor for his insular peculiarities. We may not like the latter, but we recognize and reluctantly accept them as something ineradicable and unalterable.

But the futility of objection by no manner of means implies acquiescence.

If every actor from England was hump-backed and every actress cross-eyed, we should by-and-by cease to expect any other sort to come out of the East. Then our protests would eventually sink into the calm of patient, silent resignation.

Would this silence mean commendation or the slightest reversal of opinion?

If, however, the *Whitehall Review* seriously believes and is able to convince us that repeated expression of our hearty and hoary distaste for unpleasant theatrical Britishisms will, in even the smallest degree, lead to their modification, THE MIRROR will be only too

happy to institute a hot crusade against them at once.

But the affectations and peculiarities of imported professionals is, after all, a mere side issue to the momentous question propounded and discussed by our contemporary.

It proceeds with the assertion that "Miss Sheridan, following a bad example permitted in her own country, committed a breach of good art. So far as affecting their immediate presence and feelings, actors and actresses ought to be, seemingly, oblivious to all applause. They are representing a counterfeit of life; they are carrying on and out a human story, and though an audience may be watching and listening to them, there is no real connecting link between stage and auditorium."

Our contemporary falsely assumes, it would appear from this, that modern dramatic performances are conducted upon a strictly classical model. It seems to forget entirely, in the emphasis it would give its one little point, that the stage of to-day has relaxed the stern severity which characterized it in ancient times, and presents a front adapted to the warmer taste and riper sensibilities of a different people. This revolution has naturally wrought new ideas, new requirements, new relations and new standards of criticism. The drama is not mere form, coldly intellectual; it has developed a heart whose pulsations quicken and throb, and whose sympathies are electric.

Under this condition of things actor and auditor stand in a closer relationship. Admiration for the artist is as frequently extended to his personality as to his personation. The applause of a cultured audience is given to genius and talent. The susceptible *hoi polloi* is more apt to wax enthusiastic over a sentiment than the skill with which it is expressed; it cheers heroism and hisses villainy without thought of the artistic element behind either. In other words, the mob takes the surface view; it is appealed to by externals; it looks to the effect and cares nothing for the method. Illusion is the dramatic desideratum of such people. Illusion *per se* is a minor factor in the enjoyment of intelligent playgoers, who consider the stage to be the interpreter and idealizer, not the mere mimic and mocker of Nature. Such auditors, and we presume that trained dramatic critics are among the number, find pleasure and profit in putting characterizations to the analytical test, in separating the player and the part, in singling out the individual for deserved approval.

Miss Sheridan or any other actress who earns and takes a call for her acting in minor plays like *A Parisian Romance* does not disturb the dramatic proprieties, for it is only in the Shakespearean and tragic drama that there is good reason for their rigid enforcement. Such pieces as *Prince Karl* or *Jekyll and Hyde*, *Captain Swift* or *The Armada*, *The Union Jack* or *The Dean's Daughter* cannot possibly suffer in continuity or anything else by an actor accepting a recall.

If there is "no real connecting link between stage and auditorium," as our London contemporary sweepingly asserts, why is it that many actors depend for inspiration upon the audience? How comes it to be that many great lights of the theatre—Garrik, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Junius Booth, Forrest, Siddons, Cushman, Rachel—were confessedly unable to blaze their genius in the full force of its power unless there was established between them and the spectators that invisible, subtle, electric bond of sympathy which responds in vociferous plaudits to the actors' histrionic triumphs?

Is this not actual—a "real connecting link" running across the footlights?

When, as in Miss Sheridan's case, the house puts the seal of its approval on a certain piece of work, the re-entrance of the actor is no more blamable than the applause occasioning it. The latter compels a temporary cessation, in the action of the play, whose duration, by the way, is often shortened by the reappearance and bow of the player.

To be consistent the *Whitehall Review* and other anti-American English journals should begin at the root of this matter and denounce applause as fatal to good art. If they could communicate some portion of their bloodless conservatism and serene priggishness to the public there might be an end to audible approval in theatres, and decorous solemnity take its place. Why not? English actors have cultivated "repression" to that degree that many of them can do nothing whatever and still call it acting. May not English playgoers, under the tutelage of the *Whitehall Review* and its congeners, eventually attain to a similar condition of polite negativity?

"It is customary," the periodical in question further observes, "that when favorite and popular players make their entries they are welcomed with applause as a compliment to their talents. While inwardly acknowledging the tribute we unhesitatingly declare that no player has any right to outwardly acknowledge it. He may have to stand speechless and motionless for the few moments during which the welcome lasts, but he ought only to feel it inwardly. He has begun to be somebody other than himself; he has, as it were, left himself behind the scenes. The house applauds Henry Irving, but, until the end of the act or play, it is Hamlet and not Henry Irving who is listening to the applause and waiting for the friendly interruption to cease."

Reduced to plain English then, this means that the audience is applauding somebody who is not present, but who as somebody else

listens to the friendly acclaim, feeling it inwardly—for actors are admitted, we perceive, to have "inwards"—but oblivious to it outwardly; apparently deaf but actually auricularly acute; ignorant to all intents and purposes that applause fills the air, yet secretly gratified with it. What an awkward position to place an innocent man in!

Mr. Irving, who is introduced for the purpose of illustration, does not happen to be one of the dramatic Pooch-bahs that the *Review* so lucidly pictures. His "entries" in this city have been the occasion of several hearty welcomes in past seasons. On every such occasion, we distinctly recollect, Mr. Irving has not made a show of obliquely waiting and listening, but has inclined his saturnine head as a token of pleased acknowledgment.

He never was called upon to explain to the public the nice point whether it was the man or the character who bowed so readily and so graciously. Perhaps the *Review*, which knows so much, may be able to elucidate it?

Our contemporary, before concluding its article, returns to Miss Sheridan and her criminally, inexpressible desperate disregard for British conventionalities, putting her case thus: "Miss Emma Sheridan was playing, and playing with unexpected force, the part of an injured wife. The emotions of the actress warmed the house to a fever-heat of interest, and when the injured wife made her exit the audience applauded. An actress named Miss Emma Sheridan, and not the lady in the play, suddenly reappeared and bowed her acknowledgment!" This horrible iconoclasm the paper asserts "simply shattered the reality of the whole scene and effect."

Now, the scene was not real—it was acted. Miss Sheridan's acting must, indeed, have been wonderful to have deceived the *Review* so completely on this point. Naturally it was not in character that she returned, any more than it was the character which elicited the applause. She made acknowledgment in *propria persona*, of course; the approbative interruption was solely a tribute to her personally, and it was not the Baroness Chevalier that responded to the call.

To sum up the whole question, in the majority of cases a recall is permissible; in some it is not. The matter, like all matters of dramatic art, can be left safely to the judgment of intelligent audiences and the discrimination of conscientious artists. No cast-iron rule can be laid down, since it is so largely a matter of good taste and circumstance, but we have shown that the acceptance of a recall is often proper, as it undoubtedly was in Miss Sheridan's case.

Professional Doings.

—It is said that George Wilson is the richest minstrel in the profession.

—McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, has open time for the weeks of Jan. 21 and April 18.

—George Wadleigh has been engaged as the New York representative of Rice and Dixey.

—Bolsky Kiraly's new spectacle, *A Bird of Paradise*, will be produced about Christmas.

—Woods' Opera House at Hookick Falls, N. Y., has open time for first-class attractions. Reals or shales.

—T. H. Winnett denies the statement that C. E. Vermer is in partnership with him. He runs the attraction himself.

—George C. Burbank, formerly stenographer and type-writer for the firm of Randall and Frohman, will remain with Charles Frohman.

—Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, have engaged Miss Modjeska for a thirty weeks' tour of this country next season, beginning on Sept. 23 in Chicago.

—Arthur Roberts, the English comedian, will join the Casino forces next Fall. Mr. Roberts is now playing *Faragins*, in Nady, in London, with great success.

—The report is contradicted that Frank Daniels has engaged John E. Drew to replace Ignazio Martinelli in Little Puck. Mr. Martinelli continues in his present part.

—The reconstructed version of *Her Husband* is said to be a decidedly better play than the former. There is more comedy in it and the dramatic situations are stronger.

—Manager J. E. Nugent desires Christmas and New Years' weeks for *The Fugitive*, which scored a success at the Windsor Theatre in this city this week. The play has splendid scenic effects.

—Thanksgiving afternoon and night Joseph Jefferson and Helen Barry were attractions in New Haven. Nevertheless, Blanche Curtiss, in *Oliver's Farmer's Daughter* drew \$1,168 on the day there.

—Chapman and Sellers have secured *A Rag Baby* for the popular-price houses for next season, as well as the privilege of playing all of Hovi's pieces at cheap prices when their drawing power in the regular combination theatres declines.

—Manager Frank L. Bixby states that there is some confusion in dates held by managers for Frederic Bryton. To facilitate the correction of these errors all parties by filing time for Mr. Bryton's season of 1884-85 will consider the same cancelled unless arranged by Mr. Bixby or W. W. Randall.

—Last week Louis James and Marie Walworth played a very profitable engagement at the Tabor Opera House, Denver. The receipts reached \$11,116. As Rosalind and Lady Teazle Miss Walworth made a pronounced success and drew the largest houses of the week. Manager Mortimer will be here next Monday to arrange a date in January.

—Harley Merry has just finished a magnificent scene for Bolsky Kiraly's for a thirty weeks' tour of this country next season, beginning on Sept. 23 in Chicago.

—The play *Water Queen*, which is to be produced at Chicago on the 13th, Mr. Merry is also busy on scenery for the forthcoming production by Mrs. James Brown Potter of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is to be done at an early day. The latter production promises to be of unusual grandeur.

—"We are doing a very nice business indeed," said Emil Haberkorn to a Mirror representative the other day in talking of the season of his wife, Margaret Mather. "We are making money steadily. We have several new productions in contemplation and are now trying to choose between them. One thing I think I can assert positively, and that is that when we next come to New York we will most probably have a novelty for the metropolis."

—Katherine Coleman's production of the new American comedy-drama *Among the Pines* is reported to have met with great success throughout New England. The realistic saw mill scene and the country school created much enthusiasm. The play will be presented at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, week after next. The company includes the following people: Atkins Lawrence, J. F. Ward, T. H. Herndon, T. J. Long, Leyton Baker, Rene Howard, Mrs. T. J. Herndon, May Dagen, Henrietta Hayes and Katherine Coleman.

—Manager F. F. Proctor has enlarged his circuit of first-class houses. Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, now in course of construction, is being built entirely of iron and brick, at a cost of \$150,000, and will be one of the safest and handsomest theatres in the country. The other first-class theatres which Mr. Proctor has lately added to his circuit includes the New Grand Opera House, at Boston, Mass.; Proctor's New Lyceum Theatre, at Lynn, Mass.; Proctor's Worcester Theatre, at Worcester, Mass.; Proctor's Opera House, at Hartford, Conn.; New Grand Opera House, at Bridgeport, Conn.; Fulton Opera House, at Lancaster, Pa.; New Grand Opera House at Wilmington, Del.; Criterion Theatre, at Brooklyn; Proctor's Opera House, at Utica; Griswold Opera House, at Troy, and Proctor's Albany Theatre. The latter will be lowered to the first floor, making the seating capacity, says Mr. Proctor, is now ready to book first-class attractions for these theatres for the season of 1884-85.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Lasso's Lost.

Yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon at the Madison Square Mr. Boucicault offered to a large and very select audience a specimen of the work now in progress at the school of instruction under his charge. The bill was made up of his own adaptation, *Kerry*, a scene from *King John*, and the whole of *Hunted Down*. The parts were filled in general by the pupils of the School with occasional assistance from the members of the Madison Square company and were, on the whole, notably well rendered, with indications not merely of individual cleverness and capacity but with a gratifying absence of the amateurish awkwardness traditionally associated with the efforts of such young students.

During a long "set" after the second act of *Hunted Down* Mr. Boucicault appeared before the curtain, and in brief and familiar style explained in outline the aims, methods and present prospects of the institution, the methods of selection of pupils, the process of instruction and the earnest good will of the instructor.

"What you see to-day," he went on, "is the result of simply ten weeks of work with absolutely untried material," and, in closing, he added with a good deal of feeling that if, of the thousand applicants and eighty accepted pupils, but five, or three, or one should come to dramatic eminence, it would be amply worth the trouble. "I myself," he concluded, "am getting pretty nearly 'played out.' Not quite; there is blood in the old man yet, but if I may finish my career in continued usefulness to the profession I have loved, my ending will be a rosy sunset."

The children of the stage are to have their annual Christmas festivities after all. Mrs. Tony Pastor, Aunt Louisa Eldridge, Gussie De Forrest, Mrs. Heckler and other ladies have taken the matter in hand and Clarendon Hall has been offered by its proprietor for the use of the youngsters and their friends on the evening of the 29th. Professionals generally are invited to be present and help the children make merry with their tree.

The London papers are scoring Samuel French for saying in a *MIRROR* interview that Jackman the Panther was to be done at the Haymarket. Mr. French has secured this play, but it seems that the statement to which objection is made was a reporter's error.

Mrs. George S. Knight is naturally disturbed at the exaggerated accounts of her husband's illness which have appeared in print. She informs me that Mr. Knight is suffering from nervous exhaustion and an overtaxed brain, but the specialists who have diagnosed the case and the physician in charge concur in the opinion that there is no great danger to be apprehended and with such constant and loving care as his devoted wife is giving him he will pull through all right.

Herrmann's Successful Mexican Tour.

Among the list of clever and active managers of stars who have just returned to the city is John E. Warner, the manager of Herrmann, the magician, who arrived from Mexico on Friday last.

"I have left Herrmann, who has done a most admirable business in Mexico in the City of Guanajuato," said Mr. Warner to a *MIRROR* representative. "On the 20th of September we opened at the City of Mexico, remaining there at that time for two weeks. Herrmann, who had been there eleven years before, was received with marks of distinction. The President and the members of the State Department witnessed his entertainment, the President being on intimate terms with the magician. The house was fairly thronged, and the President sent a military band of sixty pieces to welcome him.

"Throughout the country we did well, Herrmann playing in nearly all of the principal places, and giving the same programme that was given here last season, but which was for that country quite new. While in Mexico Herrmann received an offer from the principal circuit manager there, Isidore Pastor, who has quite a chain of theatres, to go on a twenty weeks' tour of Mexico and Central America, but he has not as yet accepted. The Mexicans, as a people, are particularly fond of this order of entertainment, but anything and everything, to be attractive, must be given in the native tongue—Spanish.

"As in all Spanish countries, too, bull fights are the great delight of the people, and three or four take place every Sunday, which is the great show day of the week. These bull fights have a capacity of from 8,000 to 10,000 people.

and they are invariably filled to their capacity. The sport is a most horrible one. While I was there in one bull fight I saw seventeen horses killed in twenty minutes. That was, of course, an exceptional case, but they are killed regularly in great numbers. The horses are old hacks, are blindfolded and have no chance for their lives, so you can imagine the cruelty of it.

"In spite of the big attendance at the bull rings the theatres do not suffer, for there always seems to be enough people to fill the houses. Sundays and Thursdays are the two great days and two performances are always given on those days. Tuesdays and Saturdays are fairly good days but on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the Spanish attractions never give any performances whatever. We have enjoyed our trip thoroughly. The climate is perfect and one never tires either of the scenery of the country nor of the street scenes, which always contain something to attract the stranger in the costumes of the people and their peculiar manners and ways.

"Herrmann is on his way here, where he opens at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next Monday night for a two weeks' engagement. While here he will produce his new sensation, *La Cremation*, which he presented successfully in California."

In the Courts.

HERRMANN AND ROSENQUEST.

Prof. Herrmann, the prestidigitateur, was compelled to resort to the law before he could make any satisfactory settlement with Manager J. Wesley Rosenquest upon the occupancy of the Bijou Opera House, for the period beginning next Monday and ending on the 29th inst.

When the Opera House was leased to Henry E. Dixey and Miles and Barton last June for a period of twelve months and a half, it was upon the condition that Prof. Herrmann should occupy it for a period of six weeks, beginning last Monday. It was sublet to Manager Rosenquest upon the same conditions, but the agreement was modified in July so that the theatre should be occupied by the magician only from Dec. 10 to 29 inclusive. The agreement provides that the prestidigitateur shall have fifty per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance.

Prof. Herrmann has been making extensive preparations for the giving of his performances, has engaged a large number of persons, and has added new features at a cost of about \$2,000. When he began to complete his arrangements to occupy the theatre for the time specified he found that the management was rather disinclined to take *A Brass Monkey* off, as it has proved such a financial success that it will probably run until the end of the year. The manager endeavored to induce the Professor to cancel the agreement, but the Professor insisted upon it being carried out, as he did not wish to be put to any great loss and inconvenience and could not secure any other theatre. When all other efforts failed, Herrmann employed the firm of Donohue, Newcombe and Cardozo, who brought a suit in his behalf in the Supreme Court, and on Monday obtained an injunction from Judge Andrews restraining the manager from allowing any other performances to be given at the theatre than those contemplated being given by the Professor under the terms of his contract.

As soon as the manager was served with the injunction he made preparations to settle the litigation. He offered Herrmann the use of the Fourteenth Street Theatre for the term of his contract, which was accepted, and the case was settled.

THE THALIA LITIGATION.

Gustav Amberg and Manager Jacobs had a narrow escape from being dispossessed from the Thalia Theatre last week. William Kramer, the proprietor of the theatre, through his counsel, ex Judge Dittenhofer, had the case finally tried before Judge Clancy, charging Mr. Amberg with having violated the term of their five years' lease, which does not expire until September, 1891, in that he had sublet the theatre to Henry R. Jacobs for the giving of English performances, when the lease prohibited any sub-letting, and it had been understood that only German performances were to be given there.

The summary proceedings to dispossess were sought upon the theory that the lease had absolutely come to an end under its provisions in consequence of the sub-letting. Justice Clancy decided that Mr. Kramer was correct in his version of the trouble, and signed the warrant to dispossess the managers. Before it could be executed, however, the latter's counsel at once instituted a suit in the Supreme Court, in equity, to determine the rights of the parties, and Judge Lawrence granted an injunction restraining the warrant from being enforced.

The managers thus far have been successful in retaining their hold upon the Thalia, and it looks as if they would continue to do so, for the remainder of the season, at least.

MR. THOMPSON NOT IN CONTEMPT.

The effort to punish Denman Thompson for an alleged contempt of court for violating an injunction restraining him from parting with any property belonging to Richard Stahl, the author of *Said Pasha*, was unsuccessful, and Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, has denied the application.

Mr. Thompson and Frank McKee had contracted to produce *Said Pasha*, agreeing to pay Stahl twenty per cent. of the profits and \$75 per week when he directed the orchestra. The injunction, or at least the object of it, was to prevent Thompson from disposing of his interest in the opera. The actor's affidavit explained the facts, and disclaimed any intention on his part to violate any order of the court. The opera had never been produced. He sold his interest in the contract to Stahl, accepting a promissory note for \$250. In doing this he had not disposed of any of Stahl's property, but had simply disposed of what was his own, and hence had not violated any order of the court.

Judge Lawrence considered the affidavit a sufficient explanation, and denied the motion.

Actors' Fund Jottings.

Two thousand four hundred and fifty-one professionals visited the reading-room during the week ending Dec. 1—an average of four hundred and eight a day. The Board of Trustees will hold their regular monthly meeting

to-day (Thursday) at 2 P. M. There are forty-two persons on the Fund's list of beneficiaries for the present week.

Kellar's Big Success.

Kellar, the magician, arrived in town on Tuesday looking as though he had thoroughly enjoyed his Mexican trip.

"Our business has been splendid so far this season," he said, "and our opening in the States, considering that this was election year, was excellent. Have you seen the manner in which our entertainment is put on the stage now? We have the finest entertainment, taking it all in all, this year that we have ever had—all of our scenery being of the finest silk plush and lace.

"Our business in the City of Mexico itself was phenomenal and there were many days when we played to over \$5,000 at the two entertainments—afternoon and night. The big receipts were usually on Sunday. In the middle of the week they would run as low as \$500. I had performed in that country fourteen years ago, but it was evident that the inhabitants had not forgotten me, for my success, if anything, was greater than before.

"Our trip through Mexico was one of pleasure from beginning to end. The climate is delightful and although we were there during the summer months and in the rainy season we only had two rainy nights. Our reception in Puebla, which is the second largest city in Mexico, amounted to an ovation.

"For the present we are in this State, playing West as far as Chicago. It is my hope to play in this city the early part of next year. I have several new illusions that are great successes, and have added three new automata, all of my own design and make. I shall also continue my Oriental Occultism, which is a reproduction of the tricks of the Oriental magicians, the wild tales of Eastern travelers being faithfully produced on the stage."

The Amateur Stage.

The Amateur Comedy Club is having the greatest difficulty in finding a suitable place for the production of their plays during the coming winter. Since all hope of getting the Berkeley Lyceum finished has been abandoned, the committee in charge have been at their wits' end to procure a suitable place, but have not as yet been able to find exactly what they want. It is our opinion that this club needs a good shaking up. They are getting entirely too lazy.

The first performance this season of the Amateur League was given at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on last Friday evening to a large and fashionable audience. Young Mrs. Winthrop was presented (by permission of the Madison Square Theatre). Miss Nellie M. Pierson was acceptable in the title role. Miss Agnes Boyton as Mrs. Dick Chetwyn gave a sprightly and vivacious characterization of the part. Miss May Gleason's portrayal of the loving mother was effective. Miss Rena Stewart as Edith, the blind girl, gave an affecting impersonation of that part. Mr. B. R. Throckmorton as Douglas Winthrop was manly and forceful in his work, and Mr. H. H. Gardner as Buxton Scott won commendation for his fine comedy acting. Charles Trier as Herbert, Edith's lover, was hardly up to the requirements of the part in his conception of the role. The costumes worn by the Misses Pierson and Boyton were elegant. The stage was under the directorship of Dr. Waters. Dancing followed the entertainment.

Gossip of the Town.

Dollie Brooks is soaring into popular favor as Silver Bird in *Ranch 10*.

Minnie Maudern's record for Thanksgiving Day at St. Joseph, Mo., was \$1,300.

M. Reis, of Wagner and Reis, managers of the Oil Region Circuit, is in the city.

Texas advises state that Estelle Clayton is winning everywhere in that State.

Harry W. Sewall has resigned from the Kate Purcell company and returned to this city.

Rose Coghlan will play a three weeks' engagement at the Star Theatre in Jocelyn, opening on April 1.

George Barnum has been engaged for the production of *The Knights of Tyburn* at Niblo's Garden on Dec. 30.

Gilbert Leacock, who is said to be a talented sourette, will star next season under the management of Tony Williams.

Washington Life was produced at Pawtucket, R. I., on Thanksgiving night, and is reported to have met with instant success.

Murry Woods has returned to the city after his successful engagement in *The Bells of Haslemere* in Chicago and is at liberty.

Fred. Mordant has renewed his contract with Effie Ellsler. He will be interested in her starring tours for the next two years.

The Boy Tramp company, under the management of J. F. O'Brien, opened to a packed house at Fostoria, O., last Saturday night.

The Wife company, with its new cast, which has been playing successfully on the road, opens at the Grand Opera House next Monday night.

Henrietta Crossman joined Among the Pines at Westfield, Mass., on Saturday last to take the place of Catherine Coleman as leading lady.

Joseph Wheelock has been specially engaged to play Macduff in Mrs. Langtry's production of *Macbeth* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next January.

George Middleton has resigned from Edward Harrigan's company, his place in *Waddy Goggan* being taken at the present moment by Pete Goldrich.

During the engagement of the Coquelin Hading company in Chicago last week both of the French stars presented Francis Wilson with their photographs.

Goldmark and Conried, of No. 13 West Forty-second Street, this city, want manuscripts of original and unproduced sensational dramas, melodramas and farces.

Booth and Barrett will produce Julius Caesar at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next Monday night, with new scenery and a large auxiliary force. It will be put on for the week.

R. M. Hooley, manager of Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, arrived in this city on Monday. He reports Joseph Murphy's receipts at his theatre last week as amounting to \$8,275.

Wills, Henshaw and Ten Broeck in *Two Old Cronies* turned people away in Nashville, Tenn., on Monday night. A telegram states that the house was the largest of the season.

Manager Al Bourlier, of the Masonic Temple Theatre at Louisville, Ky., has a week open commencing 17th inst., and three nights beginning 27th inst., and also dates next February.

C. B. Demarest & Co., of No. 272 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, will sell the opera chairs now in use in the orchestra and circle of the Casino, this city, for delivery during the last of this month.

The Pyramid, which was produced at the Star season before last, is to be taken out by W. L. Comley next season with an opera company composed entirely of talented and prominent amateur singers.

"Star Crossed" is the title of a novel just issued delineating the life and love of an actress. The author is said to be a well-known actress of the American stage and the book is spoken of as a remarkably interesting, vigorous and entertaining story. It is issued by the Judge Publishing company.

A. S. Seer's Theatrical Printing House, Broadway and Seventeenth Street, has just printed a new edition of stock lithographs and wood cuts for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and the standard dramas, burlesque and spectacular operas. This house is said to have the largest variety of this description of work in the country.

Manager P. Harris' theatre in Louisville is to be conducted as a first class house next season, with prices ranging from fifteen to seventy five cents, and only the best attractions will be booked. The house will play the same class of stars and companies as the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pope's of St. Louis, the Bijou of Pittsburgh and Havill's of Cincinnati.

On Friday last Henry E. Dixey was presented in Buffalo by Manager Henry Meech, of that city, with an elegant gold badge, in which were a number of rubies, pearls and diamonds. The badge was won by Mr. Dixey on a wager with Mr. Meech on the occasion of his last visit to Buffalo that Col. Fellows would be elected District Attorney of this city.

Joseph Murphy, who has led the list of stars at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, in having had the largest house there for the past three years, broke his own record last week. His exact receipts for Thanksgiving night were \$1,554 being \$70 in excess of his previous biggest night, and the matinee and evening performances aggregated \$2,782, the largest receipts in one day ever known in the annals of Hooley's.

Fred. Bryton will make his first appearance in this city this season at Harlem on Dec. 10. Frank L. Bixby is to act as Mr. Bryton's manager this season, while Nate Salisbury will personally direct the tour. The new play will probably be given in January, and later in the season Mr. Bryton will appear at Niblo's and the People's Theatre. W. W. Randall is arranging the tour of the company.

A dress rehearsal of Edward Harrigan's new play, *The Lorgaire*, to be produced at the Park Theatre next Monday night, will be given on Sunday night. In spite of the heavy scenery and the nature of the play, which calls for no end of minor details, there is no talk of postponement. The play is much more dramatic than most of Mr. Harrigan's previous local work, while the music is said to be of a more pretentious character than is usual with work of the kind.

During the recent engagement of Willard Spenser's Little Tycoon company in Peoria, Ill., a novel and somewhat ingenious scheme for the advertising of a certain brand of tea was introduced, by Albert E. Jessurun, a clever young commercial traveller. Between the acts the tea was served, both hot and cold, to the audience by colored waiters in full dress. Japanese cups and saucers were used. Not satisfied with supplying the audience, the young man sent the tea behind the scenes to the members of the company, and on Saturday night gave a tea party to them.

T. H. Sayre, author of *Mixed Pickles*, gives warning to managers against allowing any person or persons, excepting J. B. Polk, to play *Mixed Pickles* in their houses. Mr. Sayre will bring suit for damages forthwith against any manager presenting this play by pirates. A pirate company styling themselves "The famous Gibney, Gordon and Gibler Comedy company" has been playing *Mixed Pickles* at popular prices in Illinois to good business. The *MIRROR* warns managers against the pirate crew rejoicing in the alliterative and easily remembered name of Gibney, Gordon and Gibler. The last name ought to be Gobbler.

Floy Crowell is rapidly advancing as an emotional actress of the most artistic attainments. She has received the highest commendation from the press of this city, Brooklyn and Chicago for her beautiful impersonation of Olive Somerville, the heroine of *Intuition*. Miss Crowell is a pretty, bright eyed brunette, with a musical voice, graceful stage presence, and possesses a marked degree of dramatic ability. Miss Crowell is reported to have done good business on the New England circuit. She is being ably managed by C. Ed. Dudley, while Branch O'Brien looks after the advance work in his own peculiar way.

The Ada Gilman company in *Bubbling Over*, a musical farce comedy, is reported to be playing to good business on the New England circuit. Miss Gilman is popular in New England, having been a favorite sourette at the Boston Museum for four years. The company is said to be one of the best singing and dancing organizations on the road, and is composed of these people: Ada Gilman, Ida Lillian Abrams, Dell Kellogg, Minnie Layton, M. V. Sanger, Maude Bruce, May Sexton, J. R. Rutledge, Frank Lester, Barney McDonough, Tom Christie, F. S. Sanford, George Layton and Ernest R. Ford. Applications for time will be received by Manager J. R. Painter on route.

F. F. Proctor Hears from Arthur Rehan.

New York, Dec. 3, 1888.

F. F. Proctor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in congratulating you on your new theatre in Lynn. A better appointed one I have never played in outside the metropolitan cities. My business, as the returns will show, is excellent—the largest I have done throughout the New England circuit. Stick to your policy of first-class, prices and first-class theatres, and your first-class returns will be the result. Very truly, F. F. PROCTOR.

Messrs. Wade and Hamilton, Managers Cooper Opera House.

WELLSVILLE, Ohio. Gentlemen—An accident in the arrange-ment of *Finette Arrol's* route necessitated me leaving Wellsville, O., for the present. I had many engagements as to the town opera house and the management of same, and would have been satisfied with very light business. In all of the above I was most successfully disappointed. The city is an active one. The opera house is clean, neatly arranged and comfortable to play in, and with bold money

enough to satisfy any ordinary manager. As to the management it was most satisfactory and I am sure everything was done by both of you to promote good business. The manner in which *Finette Arrol's* price was put out greatly pleased and surprised me, as did the fact of finding such pleasant and accommodating gentlemen to deal with. I should like a date in September, near the 15th, if that week is open. That is all. Avoid playing cheap companies and in a short time Wellsville, O., will be a one night stand sought after by the best companies. Wishing you the success you deserve I remain, Yours very respectfully, CHARLES L. ANDREWS, Manager *Finette Arrol's* Her Husband company.

CASINO. Mr. Rudolph Aronson. Broadway and 30th Street. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

10 Cents. ADMISSION. 50 Cents. Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12. (By special arrangement with R. D'OLY CARTE.) GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Or, THE MERRY MAN AND HIS MAID.

Produced under the direction of RICHARD BARKER. GREAT CAST, MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.

5TH AVENUE THEATRE. Venetian Nights. Only Engagement in New York this Season.

EDWIN BOOTH. LAWRENCE BARRETT. In their grand Shakespearean productions of OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. IAGO. Mr. BARRETT. - - - - - OTHELLO. Mr. BOOTH. - - - - - THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The entire play (6 acts). SHYLOCK. Mr. BARRETT. - - - - - BASSANIO. Mr. BOOTH. - - - - - These plays will be presented on alternate nights with new and elaborate scenery, costumes, armory, properties, and a large auxiliary force. Saturday Matinee. Dec. 10—JULIUS CÆSAR.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th Ave. and 3rd St. Manager. Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

SWEET LAVENDER. A new comedy by A. W. Pinero, with Herbert Kelsey, Henry Miller, W. J. LeMoine, Charles Walnut, T. C. Valentine, W. B. Roscoe, W. B. Lowe, and Georgia Cayvan, Louise Dillon, Mrs. Walnut, Mrs. Whitten.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN. - - - - - Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY. - - - - - Manager.

In his new local play, WADDY GOOGAN. New music and original songs by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. Prices, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.50. Dec. 10—THE LORGAIRE.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 30th St. J. W. ROSENQUEST. - - - - - Lease and Manager.

Hoyt's Latest Musical Farce Comedy, A BRASS MONKEY.

"Full of rollicking, reeking merriment"—*Harvard*. A Great Company of Comedians, including CHARLES REED and FLORA WALSH.

Gallery, 25c; reserved, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Avenue. Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST. - - - - - Sole Manager.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ROLAND REED. In the Most Successful Comedy of the Day.

THE WOMAN HATER.

Gallery 25c; Reserved, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Lease and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

HARRY LACY AND THE STILL ALIVE. Next Week—Lyceum Theatre Co. in THE WIFE.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery near Canal Street.

FRANK R. MURTHA. - - - - - Sole Proprietor.

ONE WEEK ONLY. First time in New York, Tom Craven's Comedy-Drama.

THE FUGITIVE.

Matinee—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. Fourteenth Street.

Re-engagement for one week only. MISS LILY VEBRANS. The Greatest "mistress of the World."

Another New Constellation of Stars—*Amos Ogden*. Electric, 1. Callan, Callan and Callan; Prof. J. H. Miller, Musical Instrument, W. F. Carroll, Clark and Williams. La Mothe—Kavan and Kavan. Matinees—TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

H. R. JACOBS (Thalia). OLD BOWERY THEATRE. (Bowery below Canal.)

Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THIS WEEK. C. W. COULDOCK. in HAZEL KIRK.

Dec. 10—MONTE CRISTO.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. A. M. Palmer. - - - - - Sole Manager.

First presentation in America of the chief success of the London season.

CAPTAIN SWIFT.

Begins at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Broadway, 4th Street and 5th Avenue. Manager, - - - - - Mr. FRANK W. SANDERS.

Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c.

Grand Production of LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. Under the personal supervision of the author, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE. Corner 3rd and 4th Streets.

THE POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK.

THIS WEEK. MRS. MCKEE RANKIN. THE GOLDEN GIANT MINE.

Dec. 10—OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. Broadway and 4th Street. LEW DOCKSTADER. - - - - - Sole Manager.

THE HOUSE OF SABLE COMEDY AND MELODY. Booth and Barrett Outdoors—O.T.E.I.O. LITTLE LEO, THE WALKER.

Evenings 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30. Reserved seats, 50c.

THOS. E. GARRICK. JOHN M. STURGEON. Address: 100 Nassau Street, 2d Fl.

A NIGHT ON CO. Vicksburg, Miss., Dec. 6, Matinee 12-1, 2-3, 4-5, 6-7, 8-9, 10-11, 12-13, 14-15, 16-17, 18-19, 20-21, 22-23, 24-25, 26-27, 28-29, 30-31, 32-33, 34-35, 36-37, 38-39, 40-41, 42-43, 44-45, 46-47, 48-49, 50-51, 52-53, 54-55, 56-57, 58-59, 60-61, 62-63, 64-65, 66-67, 68-69, 70-71, 72-73, 74-75, 76-77, 78-79, 80-81, 82-83, 84-85, 86-87, 88-89, 90-91, 92-93, 94-95, 96-97, 98-99, 100-101, 102-103, 104-105, 106-107, 108-109, 110-111, 112-113, 114-115, 116-117, 118-119, 120-121, 122-123, 124-125, 126-127, 128-129, 130-131, 132-133, 134-135, 136-137, 138-139, 140-141, 142-143, 144-145, 146-147, 148-149, 150-151, 152-153, 154-155, 156-157, 158-159, 160-161, 162-163, 164-165, 166-167, 168-169, 170-171, 172-173, 174-175, 176-177, 178-179, 180-181, 182-183, 184-185, 186-187, 188-189, 190-191, 192-193, 194-195, 196-197, 198-199, 200-201, 202-203, 204-205, 206-207, 208-209, 210-211, 212-213, 214-215, 216-217, 218-219, 220-221, 222-223, 224-225, 226-227, 228-229, 230-231, 232-233, 234-235, 236-237, 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1102-1103, 1104-1105, 1106-1107, 1108-1109, 1110-1111, 1112-1113, 1114-1115, 1116-1117, 1118-1119, 1120-1121, 1122-1123, 1124-1125, 1126-1127, 1128-1129, 1130-1131, 1132-1133, 1134-1135, 1136-1137, 1138-1139, 1140-1141, 1142-1143, 1144-1145, 1146-1147, 1148-1149, 1150-1151, 1152-1153, 1154-1155, 1156-1157, 1158-1159, 1160-1161, 1162-1163, 1164-1165, 1166-1167, 1168-1169, 1170-1171, 1172-1173, 1174-1175, 1176-1177, 1178-1179, 1180-1181, 1182-1183, 1184-1185, 1186-1187, 1188-1189, 1190-1191, 1192-1193, 1194-1195, 1196-1197, 1198-1199, 1200-1201, 1202-1203, 1204-1205, 1206-1207, 1208-1209, 1210-1211, 1212-1213, 1214-1215, 1216-1217, 1218-1219, 1220-1221, 1222-1223, 1224-1225, 1226-1227, 1228-1229, 1230-1231, 1232-1233, 1234-1235, 1236-1237, 1238-1239, 1240-1241, 1242-1243, 1244-1245, 1246-1247, 1248-1249, 1250-1251, 1252-1253, 1254-1255, 1256-1257, 1258-1259, 1260-1261, 1262-1263, 1264-1265, 1266-1267, 1268-1269, 1270-1271, 1272-1273, 1274-1275, 1276-1277, 1278-1279, 1280-1281, 1282-1283, 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HOWARD'S TALK.

THE ERA OF SPECIALISTS. WITH SOME NOTABLE EXAMPLES—DRIFTING BACK TO THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS WITH STRICT LINES OF BUSINESS—CHARACTER ACTING THE FAD OF THE HOUR.

This is an era of specialists. As the age progresses, hand in hand with science and art, experts develop from one end of the world to the other. We often hear jokes about plumbers, and the subdivisions of labor are a continuous source of vexation, expense, amusement, jocularly. The man who can do one thing is not permitted by the laws of the union to do another. A mason is not necessarily a bricklayer. There is a difference between carpentry and cabinet-making. Singers rarely act, and actors rarely sing. A jack at all trades, runs the proverb, is good at none.

Does specialism pay? Well, look at Francis Wilson, and all actors in his line. Can you, who remember Francis Wilson ten, fifteen years ago, when in Mart Hanley's variety company with Mackin, discover anything new in Francis Wilson of to-day? Old admirers who recall the play of Robert Macaire, and can remember George L. Fox as Jack Strop, or Ravelin in the same character, can readily imagine what phenomenal success those incomparable artists would have attained had their clowning, grimacing, monkeying, been transferred from the common stage on which they played to the magnificent framing of the gorgeous Casino. There, with fifty charmingly dressed girls and a magnificent chorus superbly caparisoned as a background, with scenic sets, magnificent and costly, with talking and entrancing music harmoniously rendered, rollicksome genius would have blossomed into such effluence of artistic triumph as Francis Wilson never dreamed of, such as would make the ordinary song-and-dance man pivot on his head in wild delirium.

We of the present day know very little of that stature of excellence to which I refer. With all deference to the men and women who mug and caper and physically worm themselves into our regard, they are as dust in the balance when compared with illustrious predecessors in the same line, who achieved equal results so far as fame is concerned, with none of the accessories which go so far to insure well-rounded success, and which are largely responsible for the enormous salaries paid to these favorites of the public—a public which is affected materially through the eye and through the ear, and which obviously fails to recognize just how much of the enjoyment is due to the artistic effort of the individual actor and how much belongs to the surroundings, the addenda, the helpfully accompaniments.

I never liked the acting of Mr. Powers. My liking, however, or disliking, doesn't alter the fact that his specialties made him a success in the Tin Soldier and in Nadjy when performed in the Casino. It was the common remark that no one could approach Mr. Powers in the grotesquery and mummery he displayed in his interpretation of Faragas. As matter of fact the production of Nadjy, in Boston, with Wilson in Powers' part, was just as successful and quite as amusing. No one doubts, who has seen the three, that had the part been entrusted to Fred. Solomon, who made an enormous success in the same opera in a totally different line, it would have attained the same degree of popularity. The point made is that these men, who are experts, varying very largely, however, in degree and natural ability and attainments—of which further on—in the clowning line are very largely indebted to their surroundings for their status in public appreciation.

I look in vain for a new idea, far a novel situation, for a change in trick. What is done in Kismet, what is done in Nadjy, what is done in one and all these operas by this class of variety actor, can be seen in any song and dance hall in the country, on any variety stage in the world. The men who make the successes in these comic operas are admirable illustrations of the theory that specialism pays, and particularly upon the stage.

Mr. Mansfield is a specialist. Whatever he may have done before and all that he has done since his creation of Baron Chevrial in A Parisian Romance goes to show that he is, in the extreme sense of the term, a specialist. In Prince Karl, in Monsieur, in Jekyll and Hyde were reminiscences of the Baron Chevrial. His walk, his poses, the intonations of his voice were a constant reminder of his chief success, the Baron Chevrial.

Look at young Salvini, as he is called, in distinction from the elder Salvini. He has just finished, in Partners, the unfolding of a character the name of which escapes me, a German merchant. He made a great success as Baron Hardfelt in Jim the Penman. He there affected a mannerism with his hands. He held them behind him, rubbing one against the other, and especially when walking. His

with which he walks Broadway as to warrant the inference that it was the result of study and resolution. His poses, his inflection, his mannerisms with hand and feet, his gait, everything in Partners were a reproduction of his acting in Jim the Penman. Now it may be said that he played so long in Jim the Penman, which had a phenomenal run, that these mannerisms became a second nature. I have nothing to say to that. I do say, however

that his success in the one was duplicated in the other, the sole change being the phrases put in his mouth by the author and the surroundings provided by the manager.

I shall look with a great deal of interest at the performances of Salvini in the tour arranged by Mr. Palmer for his father. I understand that he has been selected to play the chief subordinate parts when the great Salvini comes to this country. It will be an interesting experience to us all. Salvini is a great name and represents a well-rounded genius, a genius, however, which finds its expert outworking along a special line. Salvini as Romeo, Salvini in The Merchant of Venice, who would care for them? Salvini as Othello, magnificent. Salvini as Iago, no. Surely there never was a better illustration of the assertion that this is an age of specialists, of experts, than Edwin Booth.

Is there anything more sickening than his Romeo? Is there anything more enjoyable than his Iago?

Is there anything more bombastic than his Claude Melnotte?

Is there anything that appeals more quickly to artistic appreciation than his Fool's Revenge? His Lear is weak, insufficient, like a boy in a man's clothes.

In his line who can equal him? Therefore he is a specialist.

Take our friend Joseph Jefferson.

Who is so popular as Rip Van Winkle Jefferson? Can he play anything else? If so, what? We saw him in Bob Acres, which he played many years before he played Rip Van Winkle, but I who write and you who read don't recall the Bob Acres of those days. We remember Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle. For twenty years we have enjoyed his poetic treatment of the veriest ruffian that walked the earth, a drunkard, a misuser of his wife, a neglecter of his children, a tramp. So, when he came forward as Mr. Gollightly, or as swaggering Bob, we made haste to engage our seats that we might see a great actor in something besides the one character we had so much enjoyed.

What did we find?

Rip Van Winkle in another suit of clothes. Mr. Jefferson is an expert in Rip Van Winkleism. That is his specialty, and the audiences who throng, I am glad to see, his gates, find another edition of Rip Van Winkle in a light wig and side whiskers, with his laughing blue eyes and his handsomely set teeth and his odd way of half repeating and half ignoring a previously uttered sentence.

Oh, yes—come now, Jefferson is a specialist just as much as Booth is, as Francis Wilson is, as Jimmy Powers is. Specialism pays.

That it pays in reputation, the fate of these men named shows abundantly. That it pays in money, can be proved by reference to the same authorities. Wilson was just as good a mugger ten years ago, when he played with Harrigan on the variety stage, as he is to-day, but he didn't have the part, he didn't have the surroundings, he didn't have the frame.

Proverbs are concrete wisdom, born of experience.

One proverb says, fine feathers make fine birds. The feathers must be put on deftly. They must fit the bird, and the bird must be there to start with. When Wilson played on Harrigan's variety stage, getting perhaps fifty dollars a week, the bird was there, but it needed Rudolph Aronson's feathers to bring him to his present condition of fineness.

The obvious point of all this is that, as specialism pays, it is wise for actors, as for writers, to become specialists, experts, in certain phases, along certain lines of effort.

Don't you see that we are drifting back to the days of our grandfathers in this respect?

Time was when the old man played old men, and nothing else. The soubrette the chamber-maid, and rarely anything else. The leading woman, that, the leading heavy, that. Ask A. M. Palmer to-day who his leading lady is, and he will laugh at you. Ask him who his leading man is, and his characteristic smile will broaden from one ear to the other. Why? Because he made up his mind long ago, and he has followed it with one single exception from the very start. That exception was in favor of genius. He made Charles R. Thorne, Jr., his leading man, not so much because his ideas of desirability was in any sense changed, but because he had in his employ a man fit for nothing else, an utterly untrained, fiery steed who, being placed upon a course, was bound to win a race, without method, without thought, without study, without anything except an in-born, heaven-given genius. When you find another Charles R. Thorne, Jr., I will tell you who will be A. M. Palmer's leading man.

But he is gone. Always on the theory, that to no one person belonged all leads, because this person fitted for this lead, would be utterly unsuited for that, and so on. The theory needs no elucidation.

In olden times a play being read to an assembled company, there was no need of the managers naming the allotments. Every

on, precisely what part must of necessity be assigned to him or her. So in a generation of experts, plays are written to suit specialists. If playwrights were as certain to produce effects by their efforts, as actors are by theirs, the world would be one round of profitable entertainment. Give an expert specialist actor a good part, and he'll make a phenomenal success, but the most expert specialist can do nothing with a bad part.

Some years ago a young man by the name of Burnett—J. H. Burnett, I think it was—a son of a dear old friend of mine, long since gone to the other side, was cast in a Brooklyn theatre, or possibly the Park Theatre here, as an old man.

He made an enormous hit.

A few days after that I met him on the street. He was introduced to me as the old man. I looked at him with amazement, and when he explained how it was that he chanced to be cast for that particular part, I said to him, "Why don't you develop that line? The older you grow the better, of course, you can play old men. Why not start in, why not let that be your business?" Oh, no, he didn't want to do that. He wanted to be bright and handsome and dashing and gay and brilliant. Old men must be, but actors are unwilling to disguise their individuality. They want to be recognized.

Mr. Kecey is as well known on Broadway as he is in the Lyceum Theatre. John Drew the same. Walden Ramsey the same. The younger Salvini is the only man, among the newcomers, who seeks artistic success at the sacrifice of personal exploiters. Ned Holland, of the Madison Square Theatre, is another expert in disguises, a thoroughly good actor, who should devote himself to the study of character, and never step outside it. There is a fortune in store for the author who understands that actor, and writes for him a specialist play.

I participated in a discussion last night apropos of dear old Stoddard and Edward Harrigan. Who that ever saw Stoddard on the stage could fail to recognize Stoddard on the street? It makes no difference what he plays, his manner, his gesticulation, his voicing never vary. He has certain traits, certain habits, which are as well known to theatre-goers as he is in person. Everybody likes him. The casting of Stoddard means an increase in box-office receipts. The omission of Stoddard means multitudinous regret on the part of the patrons of the theatre. On the other hand go to the Park Theatre and see Harrigan now as Waddy Googan, the back driver, and then in, what seems, the twinkling of an eye thereafter, as Joe Cornello, the semi-idiot Italian tramp. A more perfect metamorphosis, a more absolute disguise was never seen—and I might add the artistic merit displayed by Harrigan in the play which has its last representation on Saturday night of this week, would itself entitle him to a niche in the temple of histrionic fame.

Character acting is the fad of the hour.

The original Sothorn and the present Sothorn afford admirable illustrations of the power and popularity of specialism. There is fame in it, reputation in it, pleasure in it, money in it, and the young men and young women who recognize that fact in the May-day of their professional life, will be able to sit beneath the ample foliage of their own vine and fig tree, in later years, charmed with the redolence of their perfume and supported by the substantial fruitage of their growth.

POINTS.

The success of Mr. Stanton's German Opera company is enormous, and the shapely legs of Fraulein Felice Koschowska have followed the melodies of her fresh young voice far into popular regard.

Diamonds, bones, scranny necks and volubility are the chief developments in the Metropolitan boxes.

Rudolph Aronson's souvenir for the fiftieth night of The Yeomen of the Guard is a very pretty fac-simile in bronze of one of those sturdy servants. It is the nearest thing in souvenirs yet given.

The suave and impressive William H. Morton, one of the most polite managers of the day, first came before my eye in 1877, in Mark Hanley's company, where he did the sensational comique business with popularity, so far as the public were concerned, and profit to himself.

Harrigan's forthcoming play, The Lorgaire—The Detective—is not, as has been published, a reproduction of a piece played in his downtown house. Its theme, and to a certain extent its treatment, are the same, but a new play has been built up almost entirely. There is so much music in it that it might quite as well be called an opera as a drama.

Amberg is at last a happy man.

McCormick, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, John Harrington, better known as "John Carboy," and George Edgar were the life and soul of a gathering of newspaper men and actors a few evenings since. McCormick and Harrington are old fakirs with stage reminiscences by the barrelful. One of Mac's fingers was shortened by a sword in the hand of John Wilkes Booth. He has an interesting collection of souvenirs, one of which is an order for the first salary he ever received on the stage, never cashed, and the other is a notification to call and receipt for six weeks' back salary! Harrington, by the way, has written a play for George Edgar. If that product is as good for a play as he is good for a fellow, there will be something worth seeing.

Dion Boucicault is out and about again. Such nursing as he was favored with would cure any man, woman or child.

It's a remarkable fact that all successful people have half a score of unsuccessful people hanging on their skirts. This is particularly true of theatrical folk.

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NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND CHICAGO

ENDORSE

MISS FLOY CROWELL,

"One of the Youngest of American Stars."

As Olie Somerville, the heroine of Infatuation, the lady revealed a tender womanliness and a facility of expression that quickly installed her in favor and won her a vigorous curtain call.—*Robt. J. Donnelly in New York World, Nov. 20, 1888.*

Her success as a debutante in this city (Brooklyn) should be highly gratifying to the little lady. The portrayal of the character (Olie Somerville) offered an excellent opportunity for the display of Miss Crowell's emotional acting, and with her sweet, sympathetic face and pretty womanly ways she won the hearts of her hearers, and carried them with her from the start.—*Mr. J. B. Reuss in N. Y. Evening Sun, Nov. 20, 1888.*

Miss Floy Crowell closed her engagement at the Brooklyn Criterion yesterday, and she made a decided success with Infatuation. She is undoubtedly one of the coming American stars.—*New York Sun, Nov. 23, 1888.*

Miss Crowell won the approval of her auditors at the start. Young, pretty, graceful, her mere appearance excited admiration; but as she proceeded to unfold the character of a tender, devoted, but jealous and injured wife, with artistic skill and genuine pathos, the assembly

felt that the star was not a beauty merely, but an actress also. Her acting in the trying scene where she played the part of a French adventuress at the masked ball, listening to the fervent protestations of love which her recreant husband supposed he was making to another, and feigning pleasure in well-simulated French accents, while nearly prostrated with pain, was a piece of consummate art; and in the stormy scene with her husband, where she unmasked his duplicity and with womanly scorn bade him leave her, she was thoroughly adequate and fairly won the recall which was rapturously accorded her. Miss Crowell must be pronounced a success.—*Mr. J. B. Reuss in Brooklyn Standard-Union, Nov. 20, 1888.*

The best performance given at this house during the season was presented last night by the company in which Miss Floy Crowell is leading actress. Miss Crowell bore off the honors of the representation, and made a favorable impression on a representative audience, which included a theatre party from the Lincoln Club. She is a pretty, bright-eyed brunette, with a musical voice and good stage presence, and possesses a marked degree of dramatic talent. She has emotional power, too, and

wisely avoids such extremes as young actresses are prone to indulge in. In the masquerade scene of the second act Miss Crowell exhibited versatility, while in the third act she was at her best in the trying scene with a gaily husband.—*Mr. C. M. Skinner in the Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 21, 1888.*

Miss Crowell is a charming actress. She is more than pretty; she is beautiful. Her motions are the very embodiment of grace and her voice is sweet and winning. Her love-making was perfection and her anger was dreadful. As she changed from hope to fear, from love to hate, she showed herself to be an actress of the highest order, having but few rivals in emotional parts. The theatre was crowded to the doors, there being standing room only, and not much of that. Among those present were 300 members of the Lincoln Club.—*Mr. William H. Hammond in the Brooklyn Times, Nov. 20, 1888.*

Miss Crowell as the young wife, Olie Somerville, created a most favorable impression and had a thoroughly enthusiastic reception. She is young and beautiful. Her figure is lithe and graceful and her face full of expression, her eyes being exceptionally fine. She has a full, clear voice, a distinct enunciation and admirable

elocutionary powers. As an actress she is distinguished above all things by her absolute naturalness. There is nothing machine-like about her. In the mask ball scene she disclosed stage powers of an unusual character, and the audience were not slow to recognize the fact. Her tenderness is supremely captivating and her anger makes one shudder. The little girlish tricks which occur here and there are so real and so becoming to the sweet face and youthful form as to be perfectly enchanting. She was very greatly aided by her excellent company.—*Mr. H. F. Kinney in the Brooklyn Citizen, Nov. 20, 1888.*

An actress of much vivacity tact and "go." The most promising new acquisition to the stage of the year. And what is of vast consequence in "this and world" of ours, an exceedingly beautiful woman. She is affluant of promise, and her future will be watched with great interest.—*Col. Geo. A. McConnell in Chicago Daily Times, May 6, 1888.*

The personality, talent and earnest work of Miss Crowell dignifies the sentiment of the play and gives interest to its story. Artistic impulse she has, and this, with touching, sympathetic qualities and indescribable

naturalness of manner, arrests attention and commands admiration. With all this in her favor, Miss Crowell can take and maintain a lasting place among the young heroines of the stage.—*Edw. A. Barrow in Chicago Inter-Ocean, May 2, 1888.*

She displayed unmistakable evidence of great ability, and before the performance terminated Miss Crowell had made a profound impression.—*W. K. Sullivan in Chicago Evening Journal, May 2, 1888.*

Miss Floy Crowell, a beautiful and clever young girl, introduced herself to Chicago in Howard F. Taylor's Infatuation. She made a decided hit.—*Edward T. McPhelin in Chicago Tribune, May 6, 1888.*

To those who have eyes to see and ears to hear and brains to understand, it is plain that Miss Crowell is a genius. She interprets her lines with the soul of an artist. She has a remarkably sweet and flexible voice, and she is complete mistress of its modulations and knows its limitations. Her manner is the embodiment of a studied grace, and she is equally at ease in the lightest scenes and in those which call for the exercise of her highest powers.—*Theo. M. Carpenter in Grand Rapids Eagle, April 17, 1888.*

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